# ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

MAY, 1948 - 25c per copy

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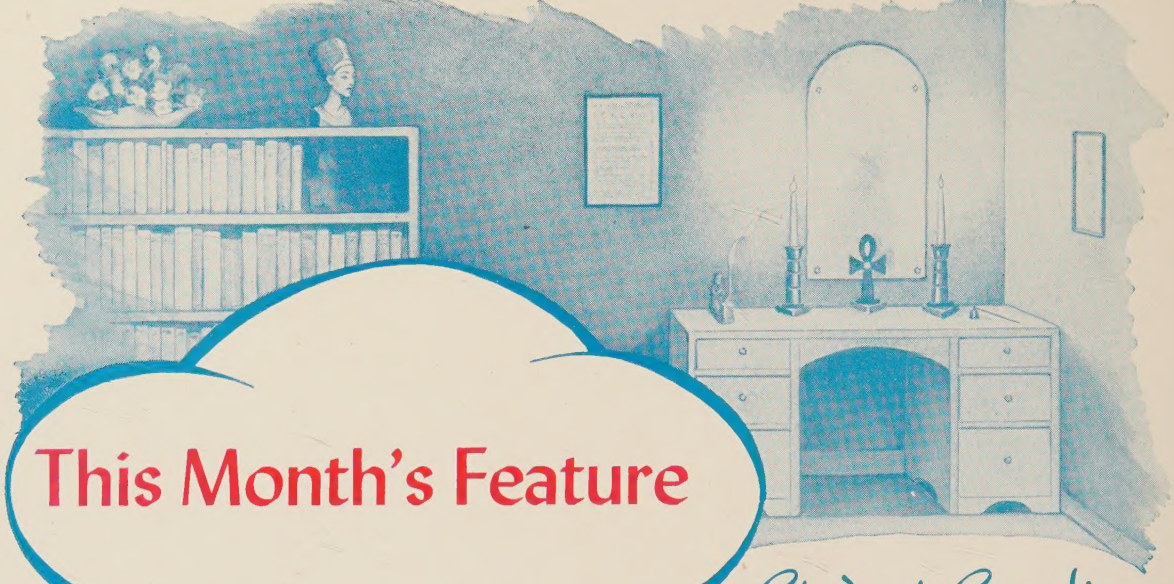

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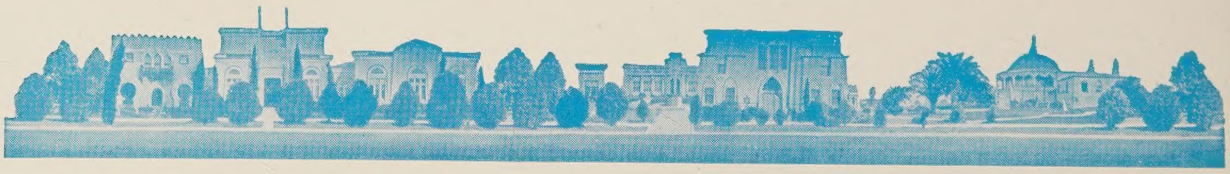
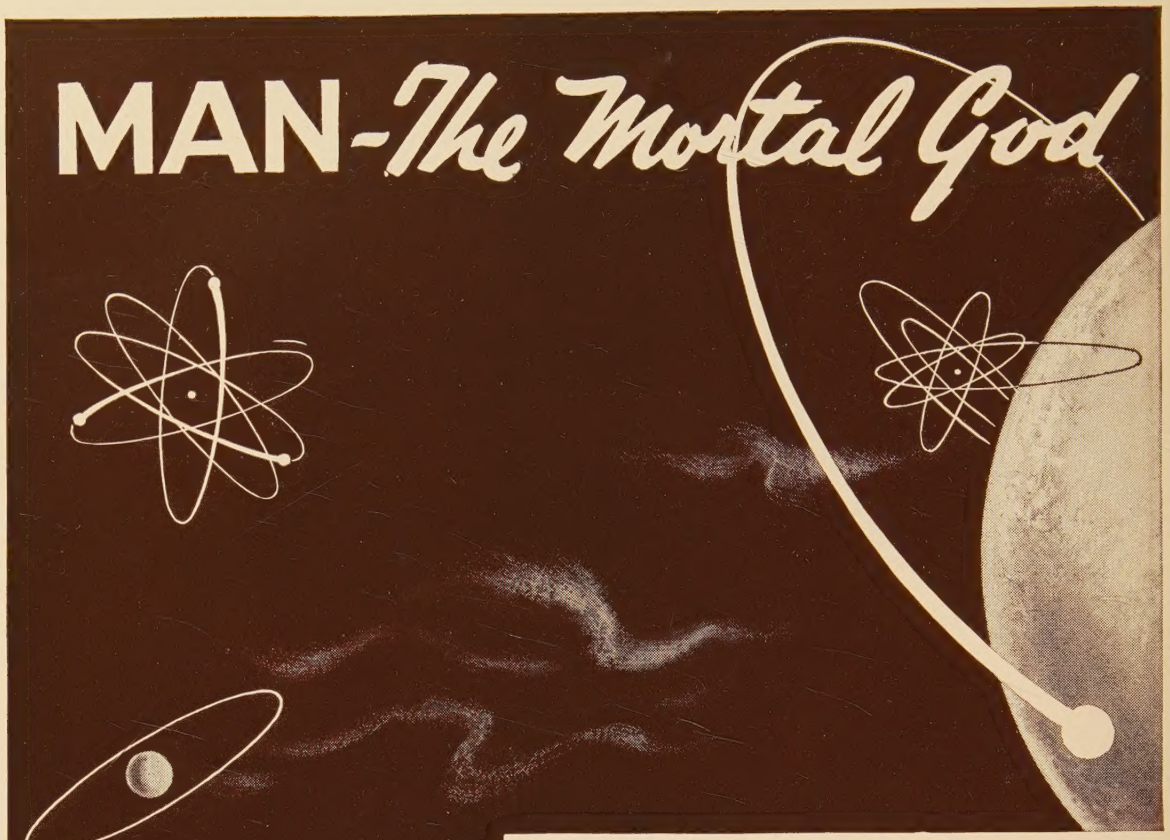


**THE INSTITUTION BEHIND THIS ANNOUNCEMENT**

## CYCLE COMPLETED

Frater Thor Kiimalehto, past Sovereign Grand Master, passed through transition on Easter Sunday, March 28, at 8:35 a. m., Pacific Standard Time, at the age of seventy years. Full Rosicrucian rites were held in the Francis Bacon Auditorium in Rosicrucian Park. Several hundred members attended to pay their respects. Frater Kiimalehto was appointed Secretary-General of the A.M.O.R.C. by the late Imperator in 1915. In February, 1937, he was installed as Sovereign Grand Master and served in that capacity until his retirement in December, 1947. Lodge and chapter officers throughout the world were immediately notified of his transition and many telegraphed or cabled their condolences.

# MAN-*The Mortal God*



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# ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

COVERS THE WORLD

THE OFFICIAL INTERNATIONAL ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE OF THE WORLD-WIDE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER

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# THE THOUGHT OF THE MONTH

## WHY FEAR?

By THE IMPERATOR

A COMMUNICATION recently received reads: "We are inclined to think, to believe, that our own emotions are unique and so, when we encounter in ourselves, frightening emotions, we wonder if we are exactly normal and what causes these feelings or urges. Would not one be better armed against *fear* and doubt if he were at least aware of these basic human and animal emotions and instincts and able to recognize them in himself?"

So much has been written about fear, from both the poetic and religious point of view, that many have come to believe that fear has no advantage whatever to mankind and should be completely stamped out. Fear, like other emotions, such as grief, mirth and joy, can become exaggerated and distorted. Therein lies its danger. It is necessary to distinguish between *normal* fears and abnormal ones. This statement implies that certain fears have a rightful place in the so-called state of normalcy. Since fear is *one* of the emotions, it might be asked: What are the emotions from which fear springs? Further, what is the relation of the emotions to the instincts, since the two are so often commonly confused?

Instincts are the result of basic adjustments in an organism that have caused it to acquire a certain behavior. Such adjustments are often mutations, that is, alterations of the genes, that part of the living cell which transmits the hereditary characteristics. We know all too well that all of our actions have not been premeditated. We are caused to act *involuntarily* and to respond at times in various ways. We know that there are often urges which are overwhelming. It is some of these urges that are commonly known as the instincts.

In his primitive state, for eons of time before he had the ability to think about his environment and analyze its effects upon him, man must nevertheless have responded to his surroundings. There must have been numerous conditions with which man was confronted and whose effects produced similar sensations within him. The continual impact of such impulses, which cause sensations of a similar general nature, eventually brought about an alteration in the neural (nerve) pathways of man's nervous systems. A pattern of behavior was then established, just as when water, flowing over a certain terrain, gradually wears away the soil to form its own channel.

Gradually, after untold generations, according to the laws of genetics the genes were altered by such behavior. The offspring would then acquire this pattern of behavior. Whenever the offspring were subject to conditions that caused the original stimulus, the organism would then have the tremendous urge to respond in the accustomed way. To oppose this "path of least resistance" causes a nervous chaos and an irksome feeling. To gratify these urges is satisfying. Consequently, there was a tendency to continue to pursue them. Instincts have been called *unlearned adaption*. In other words, the organism was originally not conscious of adapting itself, of learning a way or a method to meet a condition. Subse-

quently, the lesson learned became wholly subjective. It was rooted deep in the genes and we cannot possibly know objectively how it came about an untold number of years ago.

There are certain patterns of behavior that are common to life. They apparently were essential to the continuation of life then and are *now*. Such, for example, is the instinct of self-preservation.

### *Sensations and Instincts*

We shall take the position that emotions are the sensations which arise out of the instincts. They are often confused as sensations can be. To better understand this, let us compare the instincts to the primary qualities of our receptor senses. Agencies outside of us, external forces, by means of their vibrations, act upon our faculties of sight, hearing, tasting, and so forth. As a result, we experience such sensations as color, form, scent, sound, and the like. There are agencies or vibrations which act upon us from *within* as well. Within each cell, there exists a state of balance, a harmonium. These conditions of stability must be maintained. Hereditary development has determined what particular nature that stability shall assume. It must follow the pathways which have become established for it. Whenever this equilibrium is disturbed, the neural systems respond. They produce their *internal vibrations*. These internal vibrations are the *instincts*. The instincts in turn produce in our consciousness sensations just as the vibrations of matter do. These sensations, however, are the emotions.

Someone may advance the argument that sensations, such as colors and sounds, cannot be separated from the external factors that cause them. We cannot, for instance, see the color *red* externally or apart from some image. Neither can we detach the sound of a shrill whistle from that which causes it. On the other hand, this critic may contend, we can experience instincts apart from the emotions. Therefore, they must be separate. *But do we experience them separately?* Is not the instinct of curiosity, for instance, always intermingled with emotions? Does it not also constitute, at times, a feeling of fear and then again a satisfaction that is unmistakably enjoyable? The maternal instinct likewise cannot be separated from a matrix of emotions, such as fear, joy, and anxiety, depending upon how it is aroused.

At times an instinct is more dominant than are its sensations or the emotions which follow from it. Then, through a lack of thorough self-analysis, we think that the instinct stands alone. At other times, the emotions are so dominant and the motivating instinct so subtle that we are inclined to believe that the former stand by themselves. The emotions are thus natural to man. They are not wholly, as the ancient Stoics stated, a disease of the mind.

### *A Motive for Escape*

How does an emotion or sensation of the instinct, such as *fear*, serve man? Fear is a motive of avoidance. It is an escape from an unpleasantness that may become a danger—that is, threaten, for instance, the security of life. Pain is repugnant to life. That which pains us causes our fear of it. In a general sense, what is it that we fear? Is it not pain, mental or physical, and everything that may strike at our continued existence? No matter what may be the object of fear, the avoidance of it is prompted by these factors. Fear thus provides an opportunity for *retreat from danger*.

The individual who would be absolutely devoid of fear would undoubtedly be likewise without any sense of prudence. He would be inept in evaluating such circumstances as might entail undue risk. Such a person's life expectancy would be far less than that of anyone possessed of normal fears. We look out upon our world and we see many things occurring that threaten disastrous results to the ego, to the self. They may take our life, our health, or the lives of those included as part of our ego—our loved ones. These observations stir the instincts and sensations arise from them such as the emotion of fear. This does not mean that we shall necessarily be terrified. It does mean, however, that we shall be obliged either to avoid such circumstances or take steps to bring about their surcease.

From this we can see that *suggestion* plays a prominent part in arousing

fear. A combination of events or things may appear threatening. If careful observation is possible before we act to escape the impending things, we should undertake it. Subsequent inspection and reason may prove that there are no grounds for fear. If such an observation is not made, there is a probability that we may continue all through our life to retreat from similar things which are quite harmless. In fact, such an experience may develop into an obsession and *abnormal* fear.

### *Various Causes*

Many morbid fears and phobias are caused by extreme fatigue, the result of excessive exertion or illness. For us to think, to reason extensively, to resort to any form of mental concentration, requires the exertion of will power. The desired ideas must be kept dominant in the consciousness. Thus, when an experience or some form of ideation arouses the emotions, *will* must be exercised to analyze them. If they do not warrant emotional expression, the intelligent, strong-willed person suppresses the prevailing emotions. When one is seriously ill and consequently weak, his emotions, as most of us know from personal experience or observation, get the better of him. Whatever causes the fear at such a time may become a *dominant* idea. There is an inability to come to a logical conclusion which might subdue the idea. Latent thoughts are released which normally would be suppressed. They become associated with and fortify the central idea of the fear. The unchecked emotional stimulus implants with tremendous force the ideas causing the fear in the subjective mind. Thereafter, all similar experiences release that idea from the subjective mind. There is then caused a recurrence of the tremendous emotional stimulus that was originally associated with the idea. This, then, is a *phobia* which is removed only with considerable difficulty.

When one becomes extremely fatigued from exceptional exercise, he is likely to develop a state of anxiety. He begins to worry about things which normally he would oppose with logical explanation. He is unable to marshal the necessary bulwark of rational thoughts, and fears begin to grip him.

Neurasthenia is a state of nervous exhaustion that results because of conflicting emotions. It may become a vicious circle. The nervous exhaustion and depression contribute to fear, worries, and the anxious state. These, in turn, keep the nervous energy at a low ebb. When you find yourself becoming extremely nervous, with a quivering in the region of the solar plexus, you will experience emotional instability; a sensation of excitement intermingled with indistinct fears will be had. These are not normal fears as we have explained. They are engendered perhaps by a physical deficiency of some kind. Prolonged insomnia will often cause such phobias and fixations. The mind is incapable of proper rationalization. A return to physical normalcy will frequently cause the disappearance of these fears. Persons who are afflicted with extremely low blood pressure experience waves of ungrounded fears.

### *Immortal Knowledge*

Let us remember that an instinct is a form of immortal knowledge, for most certainly it lives on in the *vital life force* of each gene. The Cosmic provides the substance. We, by our living, make the mold. We have formed the instincts.

The version of the nature of the emotions and instincts, as given here, is primarily a *Rosicrucian conception.* In fact, it may not be wholly acceptable to orthodox psychology. Current investigations, however, point toward its confirmation, which will then support another original conception of the Rosicrucians.

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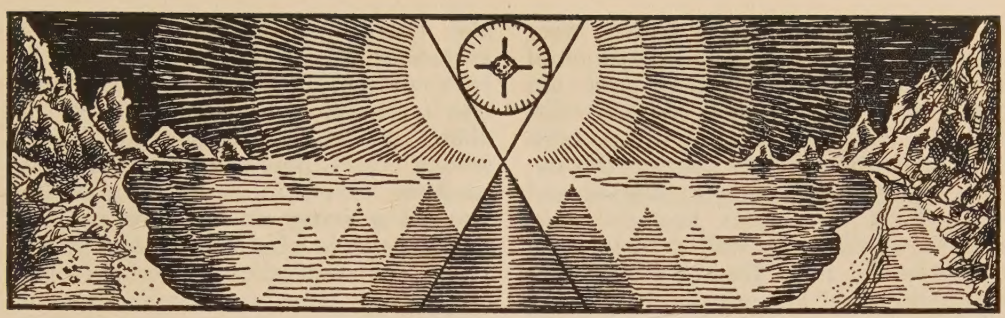
Each man has within himself all the energy he needs for any great accomplishment; but he must learn how to handle and use this great power for the good of all.—Mary A. Christoe, F.R.C.



# *Electronics in Medicine*

## ARE THERE ELECTRICAL DEVICES WHICH CAN ACCURATELY DIAGNOSE AND TREAT ALL MANNER OF HUMAN AILMENTS?

*By* M. L. HOTTEN, D.O., F.R.C.

Now that the carnage of the second world war has subsided and mankind has a little time to lick his wounds, and vow that it should not happen again, some of the by-products of the war-accelerated research are being investigated and directed into peaceful uses. In the field of medical diagnosis and therapy, the electron tube has been found to have many applications and an unlimited future value.

Although the electron tube itself is not new, its usefulness has been greatly extended. In the rehabilitation of veterans, suffering from nerve and muscle injuries, much use has been made of physiotherapy, a branch of the field of physical medicine.

Before I describe some of the specific instruments and devices, I would like to mention that the term *electronics* has had loose usage for a number of years. Many of the devices used in physiotherapy are not *actually* employing the electron tube. Because a device uses electricity as a power-source does not imply that it is electronic in principle. The tendency to claim that any instrument using high-frequency waves or a voltmeter capable of measuring in millivolts, or an instrument to measure the electrodynamic field, or any other instrument for diagnosis or treatment purposes, belongs to one and the same category and may be classified under the term *electronics*, has tended to cause orthodox medicine to distrust the word, and hence the public is often confused by the expression *electronic medicine*.

Commonly when this term is used, the practicing physician associates with it the name of Dr. Albert Abrams, who advanced the premise of the electronic theory in therapeutics.

In order to discuss the status of electronics impartially, it is necessary at this time to mention that orthodox medicine distrusts the value of electronic diagnostic machines, based on the Abrams concept. There is considerable disagreement among practitioners concerning the efficiency and accuracy of such an apparatus, and that is the reason why this article is being written, since the layman has to choose one idea or the other. The man who uses the machine declares it to be an aspect of the new science of medicine; he mentions all the modern uses of electronics, such as the electron microscope, and the electro-encephalograph, all in one breath and infers that if one is recognized, then why not all? The writer of the medical school discusses how tests were made from blood of animals, which indicated diseases inherent only in man, and hence infers that the machine is a fake.

What does the electronic machine do? or, in other words, how does one arrive at a diagnosis? Electronic findings are indicated in numbers, which indicate a vibratory frequency derived from the tissue or blood, or body secre-

tion being tested. These figures were first established by direct experimental measurement. The basic figures are those of normal tissues. Without discussing the distinction between rates and intensities, which indicate the nature of disease changes in tissues, and the effects of various bacterial substances, it might be well to emphasize the necessity for a final interpretation of the findings. The human element obviously enters the picture; for example, a reading from 4 to 14 can run the gamut from mild illness to terminal severity. The operator of the machine must make the final appraisal of the findings. I want to emphasize this point, because it is a major factor, not only as a source of error, but inversely, it offers also the basis for an important aspect that I will discuss later.

The operator of this instrument may connect the patient directly to the instrument, or a urine specimen or a drop of blood may be used. It has been said that equivalent results may be secured from each of these methods.

Before I go further, I want the student of mysticism to concentrate mentally on the law of vibrations. First, remember the "cosmic keyboard," which ranges from rates of such low frequency that they are detected by the least sensitive of apparatus, to those of such high frequency that they are interpreted only in the subjective realm. When this has been visualized, think of the living body of man. Meditate upon the aura of vibratory emissions that is composed of all the vibrations of a living source of extreme intensity. These vibrations are of a high frequency. Ordinarily they are seldom detected from a visual aspect.

In connection with a machine that is said to be capable of interpreting, analyzing, and isolating one frequency from another, let us carry the process further. We are not going to record the vibratory qualities of this living microcosmic entity, but we are going to remove a tiny drop of blood, separate it by a long distance from its source, and discover by its vibrations what is wrong with the body from which it came. What does such procedure imply? First, that this drop of blood retains all the qualities, in the same proportion that they are found in the body, and also that it continues to emit these vibrations, even though it is no longer a part of the living organism. If vibration is considered as an electrical radiant property of organic substances, among others, how can a drop of blood continue to retain any of the vibrations of a living entity, when it is no longer capable of the functions of life (such as respiration, cellular interchange, etc.) and at the most could radiate those properties characteristic of its chemical constituents? I should be more than pleased to have someone explain this so that students of mysticism and occultism can understand it. The student of nature ever desires to find the truth and dogma; technical Mumbo Jumbo and scientific terminology cannot alter the premise that life is based on law, and that the law of vibratory frequency is exact and immutable.

### *Machine versus Physician*

There is a place for mechanical medicine. Its future, however, is as yet full of tremendous potentialities, but we must not only discriminate, we must by the same token refrain from condemnation. We must turn the light into all corners, and investigate carefully, without bias or intolerance. The physician has a moral obligation which he cannot ignore. In the final analysis, it is the physician that must decide whether or not he can rely on the efficacy of an apparatus. A fancy cabinet with a lot of lights and mysterious dials may appeal to the patient, but the doctor of integrity is not interested in the outside of the machine; he insists on knowing the modus operandi, and that its action will be constant and measurable in controllable applications.

There is one aspect of control by the government that may have an inhibitory effect on a phase of promising research in the short-wave type of apparatus. The many new uses of radio, and the limited frequency available to users of each band, have caused the Federal Communication Commission to designate a certain wave length for manufacturers of short-wave, or diathermy equipment. This will eliminate the use of ultra-short wave lengths, that is, those below ten meters. The reason given is that such equipment may cause static interference in the operations of

others who are on these assigned frequencies. The net effect is that further research will be hampered in using higher frequency machines for therapeutic purposes—even the air is getting crowded.

In the foregoing discussion, we have mentioned some of the electric machines that have been used, and we have hinted at the tremendous potential new devices that research in the field of biophysics has to offer in the future. Man is the eternal mystery, and we try in numerous and ingenious ways to dissect, analyze, and change him. Chemistry fills him with penicillin, surgery dissects out his sympathetic ganglia, electricity measures his brain waves. Has anything been left undisturbed?

In our discussion of electronic findings it was mentioned that tissues and body fluids emit vibrations of varying frequencies and intensities. Science has discovered such emanations and that the wave lengths can be measured. Mechanical medicine is a good thing, but it can also cause us to lose sight of some very important aspects of physician-patient relationships. Just as the early explorers sought the fountain of youth, so do many physicians seek and yearn for the wonderful machine, capable of diagnosing and treating all the ills and infirmities of mankind. Attach the electrodes, set the dials, and presto! the diagnosis is made. Place the patient in another machine, turn on the current, flood the body with new vibrations, and lo! the disease is cured. Why go to school? In a few years everything will be done with machines.

Now I want to present another picture. It is a picture of a doctor, listening to a patient relating his complaints. A few questions may be asked, he may feel his patient's pulse and palpate some area. The doctor probably looks at his patient very intently for a few minutes, then looks off into space and after a moment reaches a decision. He may proceed to start treatment, or he may decide to make some further tests. We observe this scene and watch everything that has happened, and yet we have not seen the most important part. We have seen nothing mysterious, nothing occult, and yet something has occurred between the patient and the doctor that no instrument will measure. It is that psychic interchange or rapport that is established, that is felt perhaps instantaneously, weighed briefly, interpreted from the subjective to the objective realm, and acted upon.

### *That Subtle Dual Nature*

What are the characteristics of this communication between two individuals, and why am I introducing such a topic when my title is "Electronics in Medicine"?

When we say that life is electrical in nature, we are recognizing the fact that living tissue exhibits electrical, potential variations in charge between tissues; in the cell nucleus and its confining membrane; in the core of the nerve and its surface. The living organism is a dynamo of energy. The varying frequencies are measurable by sensitive electric devices. The highest frequencies as yet are escaping detection by instruments now available, although we can detect the electrical energy produced by thought vibrations. So far we cannot go much beyond this, although by a logical extension (by observation of other phenomena) we can assume that higher-frequency vibrations are emitted. These vibrations we relegate to the psychic realm. Memory, instinct, and emotions are familiar to the psychologist, and the psychiatrist. The psychiatrist uses a distinct terminology. I will not attempt to reconcile the two, because primarily this article is directed to the student of mysticism.

The primary thought which I would like to call to the attention of all those interested in biophysics is this: The more sensitive the instruments, the more accurate the measurement of the higher-frequency vibrations emitted from the human organism. At the same time, we find ourselves more aware of the functionings of the subtle part of the dual nature of man. As was mentioned before, the final interpretation depends on the human factor, and without some understanding of the part (and nature) that vibration plays in the fundamental laws of matter, we will fail to gain that larger perspective necessary to our achievement of balance, the requisite for the developed personality.

Raymund Andrea, in his excellent

book, *The Technique of the Master*, has made the point that there are many successful leaders in some particular career, who, without any conscious awareness of mystical laws, by trial and error, or because they are receptive to an inner compulsion, have reached the threshold of mystical knowledge, but who have failed to attain that light that would open new vistas of purposeful service to humanity. And so it is with the physician, who after many years of sincere effort, has achieved that extra sense, that psychic rapport with his patient, which gives him an added faculty. He may have no awareness of the nature of this vibratory interchange, he may never even consider whether he has at times made a diagnosis other than objectively, or he may consider it from the religious aspect. He might even call it a spiritual understanding or awareness. There is one prerequisite that I would like to mention, and that is the quality of SYMPATHY. Without that mental attitude of receptive understanding, a vibrational harmony is impossible.

In the final analysis, no matter how fine and sensitive become our instruments, no matter how zealously we embrace the new products of science, let us not forget the fact that man is a dual entity, and that the citadel of the soul must be approached not alone with the galvanometer, but with awareness of Cosmic laws, with humility, with some understanding of the greater mysteries, and above all, without dogma, intolerance, or cynicism.

▽ △ ▽

# *Woodrow Wilson's Philosophy*

Extracts from one of his addresses, which are typically Rosicrucian

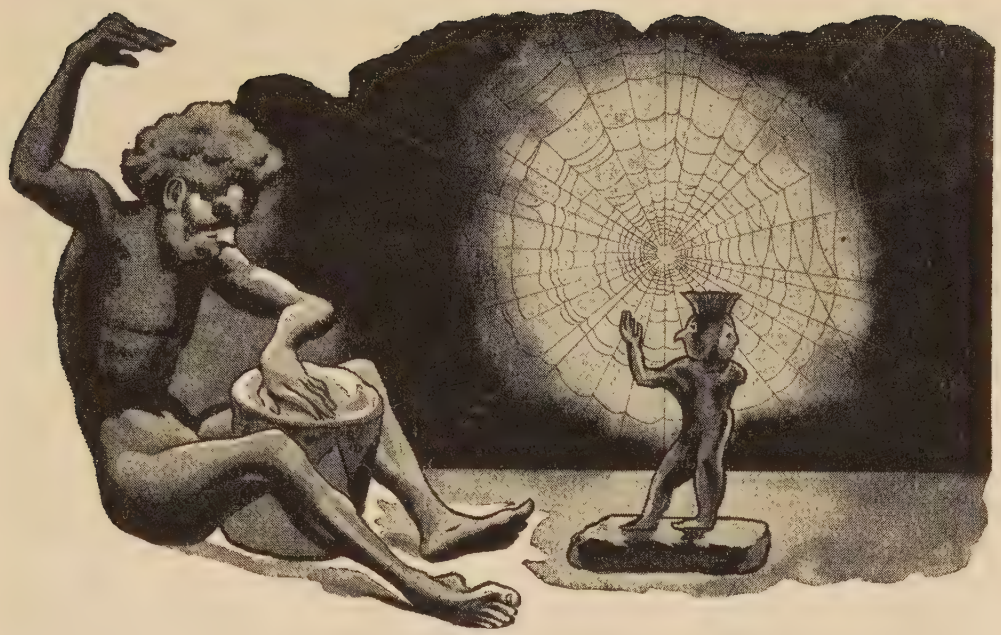
ND the infinite difficulty of public affairs, gentlemen, is not to discover the signs of the heavens and the direction of the wind, but to square the things you do by the not simple but complicated standards of justice. Justice has nothing to do with expediency. Justice has nothing to do with any temporary standard whatever. It is rooted and grounded in the fundamental instincts of humanity.

"You never can tell your direction except by long measurements. You cannot establish a line by two posts; you have got to have three at least, to know whether they are straight with anything, and the longer your line the more certain your measurements. There is only one way in which to determine how the future of the United States is going to be projected and that is by looking back and seeing which way the lines ran which led up to the present moment of power and of opportunity. There is no doubt about that.

"There is no question what the roll of honor in America is. The roll of honor consists of the names of men who have squared their conduct by ideals of duty. There is no one else upon the roster, there is no one else whose name we care to remember when we measure things upon a national scale. And I wish that whenever an impulse of impatience comes upon us, whenever an impulse to settle a thing some short way tempts us, we might close the door and take down some old stories of what idealists and statesmen did in the past and not let any counsel in that does not sound in the authentic voice of American tradition.

"Then we shall be certain what the lines of the future are, because we shall know we are steering by the lines of the past. We shall know that no temporary convenience, no temporary expediency will lead us either to be rash or to be cowardly. I would be just as much ashamed to be rash as I would to be a coward. Valor is self-respecting. Valor is circumspect. Valor withholds itself from all small implications and entanglements and waits for the great opportunity when the sword will flash as if it carried the light of heaven upon its blade."

—From *The American Rosae Crucis*, April, 1916.



# *Black Magic Is His Life's Work*

By Jean Peugnot

Special permission from *Cavalcade*, a well-known British news magazine, was obtained by the *Rosicrucian Digest* for the republication of this interesting article, from the issue of September 20, 1947. Students of mental phenomena and psychology will understand the natural laws involved in this fascinating tale, which to the layman suggests supernaturalism. It is one of the purposes of the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, by means of its teachings concerning the mental processes, to rid humanity of the hold these superstitions have upon it. —Editor.

THIN, wiry little man of sixty, not more than five feet in his stockings, gray-bearded and with a wizened face, is on his way back from the Belgian Congo to Europe.

Ten years ago, Dr. Henri Champertin set out for Central Africa to study a subject that has intrigued him since his early youth—Black Magic. His plan was to live with the natives, to gain their confidence and to remain with them until he had found the truth about African Black Magic.

This task has now been accomplished, and the little doctor is returning to Brussels. The result of his research work has been packed into twelve large cases—his notes, the many records he made.

When Dr. Champertin left Europe in 1937, he was resolved to use the latest methods of scientific investigation. His equipment included a recording apparatus, a small electric generator, photocameras, as well as a well-stocked medicine chest. "If there is indeed some occult controlling principle, some possibility of influencing the course of events by magic, this mysterious power should stand the test of scientific instruments," he said then.

He arrived at Leopoldville, near French Equatorial Africa, in September, 1937, hired 30 native porters, and disappeared from the scene.

Nothing was heard of him for two years—except strange rumors about a

white witch doctor who had come to live with the N'Fari people, and who made the most astounding cures and miracles.

### *N'Fari Tribe*

In June, 1939, he came back to Leopoldville, to fetch some new equipment that he had ordered from Europe. He refused to be drawn about his experiences in the bush. "I lived with the natives . . . I learned their language . . . I studied their habits," was all he said. Forty black porters brought the new equipment to a village 200 miles from Leopoldville, where they found a small army of bushmen waiting for the doctor. Champertin paid and dismissed the town people and returned back to his tribe.

He spent eight more years with them. Now and then white men—chiefly Government officials or doctors or missionaries—came across natives who knew him, and heard the latest news about him. They brought back amazing stories about the godlike adoration for Mbonga Batu-I (Man Who Can Do Everything), the name that the tribes had given to Champertin.

We know about an early experience of Champertin. It was told by the doctor to a Belgian customs officer when the two men met in 1938. Incidentally, Champertin saved the white man's life.

"When I came to the N'Fari tribe," said the doctor to his guest, "there lived amongst us a certain Tokku who was regarded as the greatest witch doctor of all times.

"I met him for the first time when he was 'called in' by our village witch doctor to find the man who had pinched our head man's golden ring.

"It was the first time that I saw a witch doctor at work. Tokku assembled all the natives round the local taboo. He was dressed in a fantastic costume and made up grotesquely. He danced round them for three hours, wailing and howling most of the time. The natives were duly impressed and awed. Suddenly Tokku interrupted his dance, pointed to a young man and shrieked: 'This is the thief!'

### *Thief Confessed*

"So indeed he was. The man confessed and led us to the place where he had hidden the ring.

"I have watched many witch doctors at work since, and have found out their secret. The medicine man is usually a very skilled observer who notices the twitching of the muscles of the face of the guilty person, and the beads of perspiration on his forehead. As a matter of fact, it is very often a case of 'smelling out' the guilty person, for the fear causes him to sweat excessively, and he is found out by the trained nose of the witch doctor.

"In addition there is the 'local intelligence service' of the witch doctor, who first confers in privacy with the medicine man on the spot to get a list of the suspected persons.

"Well, I soon made friends with Tokku and learned most of his tricks. There was, however, one performance that startled me a great deal.

"Our village was near a little lake, and the frogs used to make a terrible din in the evenings. One night, while we squatted on the ground outside my hut, Tokku said to me: 'Shall I make the frogs hush?'

### *Miracle of the Frogs*

"Of course I wanted nothing more than to see him put the spell on the frogs.

"Tokku stood up, faced the lake, inhaled deeply, and made some quick passes with his hands, always mumbling some words that I could not understand.

"Suddenly the many thousands of frogs that inhabited the shores of the lake stopped their noise. It was like a flash of lightning—the silence became almost oppressive.

"I listened, perplexed. Not a sound from the frogs.

" 'Ah, lord, they will not start before I command them,' said Tokku, very pleased with himself.

"I could hardly wait for the following night. I had rigged up my recording set and had hidden the microphone near the place where Tokku used to sit down. As soon as he appeared I went inside and started the machine. I came out and asked him: 'Can you command the frogs again to be silent?'

"He was willing enough. He stood up, made his motions with his hands,

mumbled his incantation—and the frogs were hushed by his magic.

### *'I Made a Record'*

" 'They shall be silent until the moon comes out,' announced Tokku.

"I sent him away and started at once with the little wax disc.

"The recording had been a success. I heard myself asking Tokku to use his magic, against the background of a frog concert. I heard Tokku's reply . . . and then the human voices were silent.

"But all the time the frogs continued their cheerful concert!

"Then, against the background of thousands of full-throated frogs, came Tokku's voice: 'They shall be silent until the moon comes out.'

"I have not yet found out how he does the trick—how he hypnotized or mesmerized me without even looking at me. Yet he could not deceive a recording machine. I have seen his magic work with ten and twenty people at the same time. Once he did the trick with our entire village.

"Yet, although I have not told him, it does not work any longer with me!"

### *He Died of a Curse*

There is only another incident known about Dr. Champertin's ten years amongst the natives.

In January, 1946, the three white doctors at the Municipal Hospital of Thysville (south of Leopoldville) saw a strange procession approach the building.

Four natives were carrying a sick black man on a primitive stretcher, and a white man, dressed like the others, with a soutah (a loin cloth made by the natives), walked beside them.

"I am Dr. Champertin," said the white man in a matter-of-fact voice. "I want you to examine this sick man—he is dying of a curse. I am very interested in this case—could we have X-rays and clinical tests right away? He is scheduled to die at noon next Friday—in ten days' time."

Thus the strange case of Kulugu became medical history.

The sick man rested motionless on his stretcher, his eyes closed, his fists clenched.

"He was a healthy lad four days ago—before he violated a sacred taboo," explained Champertin. "The local witch doctor, a man of great influence, cursed him to die in four weeks' time. That would be Friday. I examined him immediately after the death sentence had been pronounced with the usual tam-tam. He was then in perfect shape, his temperature was normal, though he showed some signs of severe mental stress. His condition worsened rapidly during the following few days: he could not sleep, his temperature rose to 102 degrees, his pulse weakened. I decided to rush him to this hospital to put the curse to a full clinical test, so to speak. It took us ten days to come here. . . ."

All clinical tests failed to discover the cause of the man's illness. No remedy could help him. They were baffled by the fact that adrenalin and other heart drugs showed no effect on his heart.

Slowly and depressingly his strength failed. The vital functions of his body seemed to "fade out," obeying a mysterious law.

When the fatal Friday arrived, the doctors decided to keep a constant watch at the patient's bedside.

Shortly before noon, he opened his eyes, saw Champertin, and whispered a few words in his native tongue. "He said: Lord, now I am going to die,' " translated Champertin, in a hushed voice.

Ten minutes later he was dead. His vital organs had stopped working.

The post-mortem brought no explanation. There was definitely no evidence of poisoning, of lethal drugs, or of any other "outside interference."

"I can only say that he died of fear," said one of the doctors to Champertin.

"How do you explain that he died at the exact minute?" asked the other.

This question remained unanswered.

# The Power of Suggestion

By Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, F.R.C.

(From *The American Rosae Crucis*, August, 1917)

Since thousands of readers of the *Rosicrucian Digest* have not read many of the earlier articles of our late Imperator, Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, we adopted the editorial policy of publishing each month one of his outstanding articles, so that his thoughts would continue to reside within the pages of this publication.

THE Los Angeles Limited enroute from Chicago to the West came to a sudden stop at a small wayside station in Iowa early in the morning, and the conductor informed me that it was at this place I must change to reach a small town lying near the western border of the state.

It was in March, when the Middle West had been visited by a heavy snowstorm, and the small station was forlorn-looking with drifts and banks of snow completely separating it from the few houses which constituted the village. Seldom had the great Limited stopped at this station and much interest was shown by the passengers in the conductor's and the engineer's efforts to bring a section of the train, in which I was so comfortably located, opposite one little clearing whereon I might step with my heavy luggage.

After the Limited pulled out of the snow with great grinding and groaning, I found that I was alone except for one man who was standing inside the small covered-room used as a waiting room and ticket office. He was tall, well built, about forty years of age, tanned and robust of color and dressed as a prosperous farmer. His long leather and rubber boots, the brown shirt and dark-blue tie, the broad felt hat and the large leather and woolen gloves made a picture not unlike those we in the East see upon the motion-picture screens.

My interest in the man was only casual. I was trying to judge the section of the country by its sole representative. For half an hour I studied the man and the place, waiting anxiously for the other train which was to carry me a few miles farther West.

At last a slow-moving train approached the station platform on a side track, and my attention was at once centered upon the cars. The train consisted of an antiquated engine, three baggage or freight cars and, trailing at the end, a bright yellow, small and greatly worn-out passenger coach. Into this latter car I climbed with my luggage and settled in an old plush seat. The car was dusty and dirty, the windows badly spotted with dirt and frost, and the seats hard and broken in places. There was no one with me in the car until, after ten minutes waiting, the stranger on the platform swung onto the last platform as the train was about to leave the station.

He remained in the rear of the car, smoking a pipe. I did not turn about to see him, but I was conscious of his presence because I was conscious of his concentrated gaze upon me.

The train moved slowly through the heavy snow and shortly stopped at a small platform where, I noticed after a long wait, some freight was being deposited. The whistle blew and we were moving again even more slowly than before.

The trip I was to take on this car was not far as distance goes, and had

the train been other than a slow freight train with the one passenger coach, my journey would have been of but an hour's duration at the most.

Shortly after making the first stop I rose from my seat and impatiently strolled through the car. There was one small coal-stove in the end of the car which gave little heat. I stood by this stove warming my hands and watching the flames play about the few coals when the stranger spoke to me.

"This is a sure 'nough slow car, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is, very slow and—cold," I replied, welcoming an opportunity for conversation. "It seems to be a freight train and we as passengers are only incidentals."

"You are a stranger to these parts, I s'pose and don't know that this here way of traveling is 'bout the best we have. That there Limited you came through on seldom stops up yonder, for we have two trunk lines that pass through here. Strangers seldom lay off at these places. Nothing much to interest them 'round here."

His vowels were very broad and his speech slow and emphatic. I sat down beside him and found his eyes intensely interesting. There was kindness in them when he was natural, but as I watched the expression in them I saw that he was very tense and greatly perturbed. Even his hands and feet betrayed nervousness and he sat restlessly, always glancing out of the window over the snow-covered hills.

"This snow will put a stop to our work for a while and I thought it a good time to take a little trip. Got some little business to attend to up at Council Bluffs. Ever been to Council Bluffs? I've lived out around here for 'bout on twelve years and never been up that a'away before."

"No," I replied, "I have never been to Council Bluffs, but I expect to be there in a few days. I am going to make one other stop before I go there. This country is all new to me."

The train had stopped again and I put on my overcoat and went out into the storm and the snow to watch the men unload some more freight. On the platform there was a man in overalls, evidently the station agent, and with him a little girl in gingham dress and heavy woolen sweater. The freight men were unloading several heavy pieces of agricultural implements and a crated Ford automobile. The machinery was placed in the snowbanks and, there being no freight office, the pieces were left there deeply buried to become covered with the fast falling snow. I was speculating upon this matter when I saw the train begin to move and, swinging upon the steps of the car, I entered the car again and resumed my own seat many feet away from the stranger.

After a few minutes he came to my seat, and lounging carelessly beside me he began the story which held my interest throughout the three hours' trip.

### *Unexpected Drama*

"You know, friend, we watch strangers who come to these parts, and I don't mean anything personal when I ask where you're going to stop 'bout here. Sometimes the only troubles we peaceful people have comes about through strangers and maybe we are too suspicious, but we likes to know just what's going on. I'd 'spect you're one of them traveling salesmen with your big luggage if it weren't that there ain't no stores in about here, and you say you're going to stop this side of Council Bluffs. Where's that going to be?"

"I'm going to Harlan, my friend," I replied willingly, "and I do not mind your personal questions at all. But I had no idea that strangers would attract attention or arouse interest here, let alone suspicions. What has been the trouble with strangers heretofore?'

"Well, if you're goin' to Harlan, that's different. That's a big place. County Court House is there and some good stores, best this side of C. B. Reckon I was just a bit suspicious and meant no harm. What do you think about the war?"

His question was evidently meant to change the subject, but my interest in his "strangers" was aroused and I meant to revert to it. So I answered his question and added one, much as they say in Europe all Americans do.

"The war interests me very little, my friend. I would rather talk about Peace. Look out on those hills! See how beautifully white they are. Look at that clear sky, as blue and soft as a

great piece of blue velvet. There are quiet little cottages here and over there, and all about us I see evidence of Peace and Plenty. Why should we concern ourselves about the war. It cannot come to you out here unless you voluntarily bring it to yourself." I waxed enthusiastic as I spoke. I meant to convey one of our lessons to him.

"Yas," he drawled in a semidreamy way. "That's all nice enough, this talk about the little homes and peace. But there's not always peace in those quiet little homes either. You fellows from the big cities like to paint such pictures and tell such pretty things. You're always talkin' about the peaceful little homes on the hills. But that's where you're wrong." He was becoming excited and very positive. He rose in his seat and turned toward me and abruptly blurted out:

"It's just such fellows as you that makes all our trouble. You come out here with that smooth talk, that nice language and you begin by praising our quiet life. The more you fellows talk the more you make our life miserable. You know what I mean! Our womenfolks listen to you and the more you picture the excitement of the city and the peaceful quiet of the country, the more the women git discontented and then there's war. That's why I'm on this here train. I'm going now to start some war that'll come to a finish, too. That is, I am going to help a fellow that's going to catch one of you city fellows up at C.B. and pump him full of lead before this here week is done."

"I am sorry," I began, "if I have ventured upon a subject which has become displeasing to you. It is true that in the big cities we find much unrest, a great deal of false and superficial happiness and little peace. But in saying what I did I was not speaking idly, but as one who wishes to promulgate an attitude of peace everywhere. I know that if we think peace we can prevent war, and you will pardon me for saying that the thoughts which now occupy your mind bring the very discontent and unhappiness from which you suffer."

He was quite evidently displeased at my remarks and my rebuff. He stood up and then strolled through the aisle in deep thought. The train made another stop and I saw that one of the freight cars was being detached. I took occasion of the long wait to stroll again in the snow and breathe the wonderfully exhilarating air. When I returned to the car my strange acquaintance was in a seat adjoining mine and in deep thought.

"I'm going to tell you how it is," he said as I sat down again, "and then you'll understand that war is necessary sometimes to preserve peace.

"This here friend of mine I just spoke about, lived in one of those nice little country houses like you saw on the hills. He had a fine big home, the best one 'round here if I do say it myself. He was raised on that place and added to it after his folks passed away. His wife was one of our country girls, as you city fellows call 'em, and she was a mighty fine girl, too. 'Tell you, my friend, that there girl was as sweet and good as any girl a man would want. She was too darn good lookin' for this country, I guess, but she 'tended her own business and made a happy home for—for my friend. And my friend 'preciated her, too—you can't say he didn't for he did. By gosh he did everything that a man could for her. Had plenty of money and had a telephone put in the house. Even got one of them talking machines and self-playing pianos. Why that house even had 'lectric lights and a regular Chicago-style bathroom.

"The wife was young, as I 'spect I told you, and she read those magazines and newspapers which come out here and have all the pictures about pretty city clothes. She liked them kind of clothes better'n the country kind. Why, say, friend, she has set up late o' nights planning how she'd have some of them dresses made until when she'd come to bed she'd dream 'bout them in the night and talk about them. Many's the time she's talked it all over during the night until I—why my friend had to keep them magazines away from her hands.

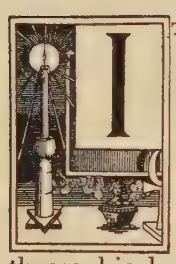
"And they was God-fearing people, too. They went to the church you saw on that hill every Sunday, regular. Always thought of goodness and there was peace in their minds with nothing to worry about any time. My friend

(Continued on Page 140)

# SANCTUM MUSINGS

## OUT OF DESPAIR

By Emanuel Cihlar, K.R.C.
A.M.O.R.C. Grand Master of Austria



It was May 21, 1941. In the early morning at the sixth stroke of the clock, in the whole of Germany and in occupied Austria, the homes of the chiefs, chairmen, leaders, secretaries, and librarians of all occult, Rosicrucian, theosophical, mystical and similar societies and orders were suddenly invaded by the Gestapo (the Nazi secret State Police). All such listed persons were arrested and taken into custody. The libraries were confiscated and annihilated.

A look into the prison, where these persons were confined, affords a strange experience. Men of the sciences, professors, old and young, physicians, theologians, priests, teachers, authors, writers, poets of great renown, directors of large occult publishing companies were confined together, men and women, in small uncomfortable rooms. There were often more than thirty ladies and gentlemen sitting on a cold floor of small area. Many long hours they tarried in despair for the coming decision. It is beyond belief, but it is the truth. Nobody was permitted to leave the rooms. Nobody was concerned whether the prisoners were hungry or if common needs were met.

After an endless and painful waiting, one after another were brought before the tribunal. When he or she signed the prepared protocol and confirmed with his or her signature the "fact" that they had "offended" against the laws and that they resigned their libraries, they became free immediately. Those who refused to sign were tantalized by many long weeks, many long months, of waiting in dungeons. All this was because they favored a liberal State Law, granting the right to write and to publish books and to pursue philosophical studies. They opposed the single word of Hitler that would annihilate their state law and destroy the achievements of great authors, artists, and noble-minded men. With one word, in one day, Hitler killed occult thinking and persecuted the best minds of the nation.

It was apparent that Hitler was a little marionette, playing in the hands of the dark minds which do their unblessed work in this world. Thousands and thousands of persons were snatched from their beds at midnight. The Nazi government had vilely branded these noble men as villains and coldly murdered many of these innocents.

I speak here only of persons who were friends of mine. My friend, the publisher Mr. Fandrich, lost his great bookshop, his publishing house and his many occult devices. He was forced to

work for his daily bread as a small employer—he, who had dedicated his whole life to occultism, a mystic of the purest kind. The pansophist, Mr. Tranker, lost his immense and highly valuable Rosicrucian library, including many old handwritten manuscripts. All were sent to the paper mill! The Rosicrucian author, Surya, received more than twenty poison injections intended to slowly kill him. But his pure nature resisted these cruel and murderous attacks. Today he is seventy years old and plans a fresh beginning of his studies and the republishing of his wonderful works. His excellent romance, *The Modern Rosicrucians* (the rebirth of the occult sciences), written before the first World War in 1914, is worthy of translation into all languages.

The founder of the "Archive of Reincarnation," Mr. Hans Werner von Gerstenbergh, with whom I had long worked in searching for testimonials of this important occult law, after one year in jail at hard labor and later enduring inhuman torture in a concentration camp, died there. The results of his noble work were gone. These barbarous gangs destroyed all. In some cases they confiscated sacred pictures of Saints with which the Catholics adorned the walls of their homes. Many of my friends were killed because Hitler feared that the powers of white magic they were teaching could influence his evil mind. It is a great difficulty to find and to bring together the survivors and to renew the old friendship. This will require more years than this incarnation affords me.

### *Liberation*

The year 1945 was the great liberation. The prisons and concentration camps opened their doors and the tormented people received their physical and *psychical* freedom again. Personal experiences I shall relate at another time. I want only to say that I lost my position as a state official because it was well known that, since 1913, I had been an *occult student*, and since 1923 a member and officer of A.M.O.R.C. I have since become rehabilitated and I am a government official again.

Always in times after great and immensely cruel wars and during the period of their after-effects, mankind feels a deep and ardent longing for the Sacred, the Holy, the Divine. The official churches do not suffice for this desire. The consolation offered by priest and clergyman does not deeply move their hearts. Mankind is seized by a tremendous agitation of soul, by a high anguish of heart; it fears that too much of its inner life may have been lost, and it fears still more that what it has lost can never be recovered. But I have inspiring and beautiful words for all these vexations of life: "He who has not suffered the many pains and triste hours of tortures on the Good Friday of Passion Week, he never can feel that delight which a true Easter morning is and means."

The hours of our sad passion are over and in our soul a deep longing grows for the first beautiful ray of the coming *Easter morning sun.* The dawn already pales the stars. The dark shadows are retreating. Yet all things are dusky and possess only uncertain contours. But a sublime and gentle aura announces the coming *new age* which will fill us with great happiness and in which the supreme commandment of the Christ, "Love thy neighbor," will perhaps become a natural law.

The once imprisoned occultists now may return to their beloved occult studies without fear of persecution and punishment by the State forces. When a certain number of men are interested in occult or spiritual sciences, they receive, without any difficulty or hindrance, permission to found a society or club to deepen their ideals and studies and to give lectures before the public.

Germany once had a multitude of higher thought societies. Before 1914 there were more than a thousand occult and mystical papers and digests. Each club or fellowship possessed its own magazine or revue. There were Rosicrucians, Theosophists, Anthroposophists, Druids, Knights Templar, The Metaphysical University, and the like. Each club or lodge had its own library, held precious by the occult student and seeker. Optimistic men in Germany are making the first timid try to reawaken and renew their ideals, desecrated and

soiled by the previous intolerant regime.

In Vienna there are some various occult and mystical societies or clubs with more or less religious tendencies. Some of them are organized on the basis of esoteric Christianity. They are drawing large congregations. The Rosicrucian philosophy here in Austria is, of course, centuries old. Vienna was the capital under the long reign of the Hapsburg emperors. Therefore, it was always a center of *art* and the *sciences*. But Rosicrucians were often forced to hide themselves. They had their secret meetings in the strange catacombs beneath the St. Stephen cathedral. The Catholic Church, with its priesthood, was always their greatest enemy and sought to persecute them everywhere. In Vienna we have some old houses—intact today—from which the foundations and buildings can be traced to early Rosicrucian occupation. In the 17th century, under the Emperor Ferdinand III, a gentleman named Johann (John) Konrad Richthausen came to Vienna. He was an *alchemist* and a *Rosicrucian*. His Rosicrucian name was "Chaos." It is related that he knew the secret for transmuting mercury into pure gold! At least he did become a rich man in a very short time, and for this reason the Emperor made him a member of the nobility. In the year 1663, he made a pious foundation for the education of young boys who were without parents. Empress Maria Therese in 1752 changed the house he occupied into a military academy. This house stands in the *Stiftsgasse*. There is another old building on the Baeckerstrasse, named, the "Federlhaus," wherein once the famous *Comte de St. Germain* lived for a time. He was a famous Rosicrucian and alchemist. It is a historical fact that the great alchemist, the celebrated physician Paracelsus, also took up his abode in the edifice. In the entrance hall there is an old mural tablet with the Rosicrucian motto:

*Patere et Abstine*
*Sapere et Aude.*
*1497 A.D.*

A literal translation in English is: "Hold open (your mind) and abstain (from too much speaking), be knowing (initiated) and dare and risk."

This points out the surety that in Austria lived brothers of the *Holy Rosy Cross* and that there was a meeting place of this secret brotherhood. The occult and mystically minded in Vienna have always been much concerned with the Rosicrucian teachings. Many other occult societies used the old Rosicrucian teachings and principles as a basis for their systems. Karma and reincarnation, two of our most famous Rosicrucian fundamental doctrines, can be found in all occult lodges and clubs in Austria.

### *Printed Material Needed*

But as great as is the general interest in the wonderful teachings of Rosicrucian wisdom and consciousness, equally as great is the need for printed material for this sublime study. We have not yet the German lectures. Remember that the great occult libraries have all been destroyed. The bookstores have very seldom a book of importance, and if they do it is so high-priced that no student can afford to buy it.

I wish to use all my strength, all my talent and all my possibilities, and all my days that editions of all A.M.O.R.C. books will come out in the German language in the shortest time. Then a new *resurrection of A.M.O.R.C.* in all German-speaking countries is sure.

The era of materialism is gone and the hands of the tower-clock come nearer and nearer to the hour of the birth of a new time, the age wherein only Love shall govern the world and mankind. All seers, prophets and wise men agree on this axiom: "The golden age lies not behind us in a prehistoric past; no, the golden age is before us."

A.M.O.R.C. is the signpost to this wonderful goal of brotherly love, where hate and dissension have no room and are banished forever.

Love is the nectar of heaven which streams down to the heart of life to soothe its cruel bitterness.

Love is the deepest and truest law of life. Each secret of this world can be released only by it.

It was God alone who put love into all things. Love is the Sun and, friends, let us be like the sunflower which turns its face to the sun at all times.

The beloved Order, A.M.O.R.C., is a magnet and its poles are charged with love for the whole of mankind.

My eyes see the brilliant rays coming out of the heart of the most sacred Rosy Cross, and I know and can recognize that these rays will unite all men under A.M.O.R.C., which will teach men its wonderful LIGHT and give them new LIFE, so that all beings may live in happiness and in peace profound.

From various parts of all the German-speaking countries I have received letters from seekers, asking for information about the Rosicrucian sciences. This is one of the effects of these rays. The Holy Rosy Cross is the most beautiful symbol the GREAT WHITE LODGE has given us through our first Imperator, the Egyptian Pharaoh, Amenhotep. It is my fervent prayer that once again the Rosicrucian Order can spread its branches, with wonderful blossoms of truth, in my home country *Austria.*

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## THE POWER OF SUGGESTION

(Continued from Page 136)

always tried to help others and that's where the trouble came in. This here leaving your front door open so that a stranger in need can slip in and find what he wants is all right in the storybooks, but it played hell in that home."

I saw that he was working himself into a nervous state. His right hand was always reaching for his handkerchief to wipe his brow, for the drops of perspiration stood out like beads on a rose-colored cloth. In his eyes there was a stern look, a determined threat, and a foreboding of a coming burst of passion. I could only listen carefully and wait for a proper time to calm him; but I realized that the frenzy within him must consume itself.

"One day a city fellow came to this peaceful home and asked for work. He was dressed in city clothes and looked like he'd never done any hard work in his life, though he was big 'nough to equal me in any work about the place. Said he was a college student and was finishing a course in agriculture and wanted to spend the summer in real work. Only wanted board and room, didn't care about any pay. You know help is scarce about here in the summertime and I was glad he came along. He was taken in—that is, my friend I am telling you about, he took him in, you see—not me. He was given a good room and made one of the family. He really did some work for a few days and was always preaching about how glad he was to be away from the big city. I disremember where he was from, but think he said Chicago or New York. But I got his name and number, all right.

"He used to sit up o' evenings and play on the piano and sing them latest New York songs and tell us about the shows and the dance places where they sing and have a rollicking time while you eat. He used to refer to that when we was eating at our table, and he even wanted the wife to sing one of the songs he taught her while we ate.

"Then he'd talk about the fine clothes the ladies wore. Gosh, but he could tell it fine. He could make you see the clothes and the womenfolk. Then there was the parks, and the lakes, especially some big lake, I think it was in Chicago. Then there was the bathing places, the beaches, and the funny amusement places near by.

"For two months I heard about those things until I could see them all in my sleep. The first thing I knew the wife wanted an automobile like other people had. That was it. She wanted things like other people had. I heard that often: 'like other people had.' It got to be her ambition and soon she got discontented with the farm and the 'peaceful' home.

"This here stranger made a great impression on the wife. He had some money and he used to ride in that there automobile with her to that there town we just passed and they would get ice cream and candy and see the moving pictures which came there every two weeks. Oh, they got to be great friends

them two, and her old man like a blamed fool, didn't suspect nothing."

He was seated beside me now and was wild with rage. Our train was moving slowly and I lost all interest in where we were or how far we had gone. I could see through the tale he was telling and recognized an opportunity to put into practice some of the principles we teach in our work. I encouraged him to go on with the tale.

"Then one day I was away to the town where you got off the Limited. That is, well you see, my friend was away from home and that city fellow just took that young wife in the automobile with some of her clothes and they went away. When night came and she didn't come home her man, that is her husband, didn't suspect much. But 'bout ten o'clock that night Jennison, who lives on the next farm, came in and said that the automobile was standing up near the tracks of the Great Western by the side-station and there was no one in it.

"That made my friend suspicious and he waited 'till morning and when he got the automobile he found his wife and the city fellow had got aboard the train about five o'clock. He never heard of them until yesterday, and them two are living in Council Bluffs. That's why I am going there. And you can bet there's going to be some disturbance of the peace like a regular war for about five minutes."

### *The Crucial Moment*

Now was my opportunity.

"And what does your friend expect to do in Council Bluffs?" I inquired as though I did not understand as well as I should.

"He's just going there to shoot that city fellow full o' daylight—that's all! Ain't he right? We don't have your ideas out here, and we ain't afraid of a little war when it comes to settling a score of this kind."

"Are you not afraid of killing the man—that is, your friend, is he not fearful that he may kill him?" I asked guardedly.

"That's just what is going to happen," he replied. And I saw his right hand unconsciously reaching toward the left hip pocket. Glancing sideways I saw protruding from that pocket the handle of a good-sized gun. It stood out from his body menacingly. He did not know that I saw it.

"Surely nothing can be gained by taking the man's life. Let me tell you something to tell your friend. Listen to me carefully and repeat what I say."

I talked slowly and distinctly. In my mind I held the picture of the man beside me. My mind was concentrated upon him, for I knew, I felt in every fibre of my body, that he was the aggrieved husband bent upon murder. I wanted my words to sink into his subjective consciousness and become powerful suggestions. The easiest way to hold his concentrated attention while I worked upon his mind was through telling him my little story in such a slow and determined manner that it would make him think—think of every word and its import.

"Your friend has suffered seriously. At the hands of one to whom he has done no harm but good, he has suffered in a way that YOU and I can hardly understand. We can look at the matter more calmly than he can. He sees only the personal injury whereas YOU and I see in it a great error. The man who has become a false friend is the real sufferer as YOU and I know. He has done that which will haunt and terrorize him for years to come. Even now he may fear the coming of the husband or the police. Surely, he cannot sleep at night as peacefully as YOU and I can sleep. You are the husband's best friend. YOU can save him and make him happy. Let me tell you how.

"You go to Council Bluffs! Perhaps you can find where the man and the misled woman are stopping. You know where they are? That is good. Then you can go there and watch for the man to leave her alone. Watch when he goes out, if only for a minute or two. Then go in and see the woman. Tell her how her husband has worried, how she has broken his heart. Tell her that HE will forgive her; explain how HIS heart bleeds to forgive the first error in her life, just as Jesus forgave, just as GREAT men forgive. Tell her that YOU have come to take her back home and away from a man who can never respect or love her. Tell her how her

husband has always loved her and how peaceful it is at home. She will understand. She has had no moment of peace or contentment since she left her home and her heart is sad. I am sure of that. Let her know that though there are wicked, deceitful, destructive men in the world, her husband is a godly man who would rather bring true happiness than pain and sorrow to anyone's heart.

"Have the husband prepare a good meal for the wife's homecoming. Make a welcome ready for her and she will understand the greatest lesson in the world.

"Keep in your mind, my friend, the thought of peace. One man has committed an error. It may be a crime to the husband, but YOU and I, we see it as an error of judgment, an error of interpretation of nature's laws. That man in his evil thinking has taken away peace from his heart and his soul, but he could not take peace away from us for YOU and I have done no wrong and WILL DO NO WRONG. We will think peace in our hearts so that peace will come to the husband and the home of this loving couple who have been so rudely separated."

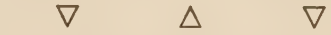
We were approaching Harlan. It was announced by the conductor, who took occasion to come into the car to notify me. I must leave the stranger. He was relaxed. Once again the perspiration stood out in big drops on his brow. He was thinking deeply and the tense strain was gradually passing. He was ready to cast aside his intentions and—I arose and held out my hand to him. We exchanged cordial and fervent greetings and he accompanied me to the platform. I stood there a while looking at him and he at me. Our eyes were piercing each other's. He was trying to see whether I discerned in him and his story the real husband and I—well I was sending to him silently one last thought.

As the train left the station I said to him, sternly and directly:

"Remember, my friend, *peace!* Peace of the soul, of the mind, of the heart. Peace in your home and all through your life. It's the greatest blessing in the world. Take peace to that wife, save her from the horror of an unthinking but GOOD husband. Peace, friend, peace be with you."

And, my last sight of him is still clear in my mind. The great, big tears, like those of a hurt boy with an aching heart, were rolling down his cheeks. He was bent over in grief, but there was a light of understanding in his eyes. He waved his hand and with a clear voice sang out:

"Peace, my friend, peace!"



## ATTENTION HIERARCHY MEMBERS

Those who are members of the Esoteric Hierarchy will carefully mark upon their calendars the dates of the next two special *meditation periods* in which the Imperators of America and Europe will participate. The nature and purpose of these particular periods is understood by the members who have attained to the Hierarchy. The schedule is:

July 22, 1948, Thursday, 8:00 p.m., Pacific Daylight Saving Time
October 14, 1948, Thursday, 8:00 p.m., Pacific Daylight Saving Time
(Use the equivalent hour in your locality, remembering that Daylight Saving Time in California is one hour earlier than Standard Time.)

In reporting to the Imperator, kindly include your full name, Degree, and key number. Whenever possible, do not include other correspondence with this report. Your cooperation is warmly appreciated.

# *Value of Knowledge*

By Rodman R. Clayson, Grand Master

It is generally agreed among educators that knowledge is necessary to the development and well-being of the individual. Without knowledge there could have been no progress in this world: We would not have our great metropolitan centers with transportation and communication lines running in all directions, we would not have the benefits of the various sciences which contribute to the individual and collective welfare. Knowledge is a personal thing and, undoubtedly, it had its origin when man first began to think and to gain experience as a result of his efforts. Knowledge is defined as that which is gained or preserved by knowing, by cognition; the act or state of practical understanding or skill in anything. It is therefore something which one attains through personal effort.

Someone once facetiously remarked that a little knowledge is disastrous. Perhaps this is true, for the small amount of knowledge which may have been gained may not be sufficient to help the individual in coping with the problems of life and in properly utilizing his own capabilities. We are all aware of human misfits in the world who would like to get ahead but who do not. They are not satisfied with their lot in life, few of their ventures are successful, and happiness is all too infrequently realized. Such people do not have sufficient knowledge. Perhaps for one reason or another they left school without completing the essential courses of instruction. Students with such inclinations little realize that they will be handicapped in life because of their deficiency in knowledge.

Education is a very essential thing, and our educational institutions endeavor to instruct and discipline, as well as to develop, the natural powers of the mind. Our schools are very necessary, but they go only so far in helping the student acquire a limited knowledge. Students usually think when they have completed high school or college that the time has come to lay their books aside—that their quest for knowledge has ended. No greater mistake could be made. Even though they may be college graduates, men and women should never stop studying, but should ever be in quest of further knowledge. Knowledge is an immaterial thing and is the most important aspect of the mind. It furnishes a working basis upon which all else depends.

A common belief prevails that knowledge is simply a vast storehouse of information in one's mind. This conception is wrong and, furthermore, there is no point whatsoever in having such a storehouse of information unless the information can be given practical daily application. It is not sufficient to be

able to draw, from the memory, factual bits. This does not bring the experience of knowledge to us.

It is not necessary that we be confined to a trial and error existence. It is through application that we make knowledge serve us. A schoolboy may be very adept at working mathematical problems, but he may fail entirely in applying the mathematical formula to problems which confront him in life. To express this in other words, knowledge and comprehension have been given the boy to work the problems placed before him, but he is unable to apply the knowledge when it comes to an actual experience in life.

Knowledge means growth; growth means change; change means adapting oneself to new physical environment; and every man and woman is subject to such change. While it is essential that one's objective be the gaining of knowledge, it is also essential to make an adjustment of this knowledge by establishing and maintaining an equilibrium in one's own thinking, so that there may exist a balance between everyday life and the knowledge that is being attained. Knowledge broadens one's perspective of life; one should have a general knowledge of many things. There is no limit to the extent of knowledge that man may acquire through his own experience and by availing himself of the accumulated experiences of others. When one is in a quandary and confronted with the necessity of making a proper decision, such a situation should be considered as a challenge, and looked upon as an opportunity to make knowledge effective and usable.

By Erwin W. E. Watermeyer, M.A., F.R.C.
Director, AMORC Technical Dept.

- The University of Rochester's Institute of Optics has announced the development of a new type of motion-picture camera which can take pictures at a rate about ten times faster than any high-speed motion-picture camera heretofore constructed, and thus can permit ultra-slow motion. In this camera the film moves at a rate of about 270 miles per hour and a complicated image-dissecting mechanism permits pictures to be photographed at the rate of five million pictures per second. The projected image of a moving rifle bullet, photographed by this camera, would proceed at an extremely slow speed: it would require about a minute to show the bullet's advance by one inch.

- Dr. Harold Shapley, director of Harvard College Observatory, in a speech reporting on researches dealing with the periodicities of variable stars, has indicated that the structure of the universe might not be uniform, and that there is evidence to support the theory that either the distribution of chemical elements varies throughout the universe or that different laws of nature are operative in different regions.

It is a truism that man's mind is man himself. It is also true that a man's thinking, which comes about as a result of his knowledge, makes him successful and happy; a good husband, a good business associate, and a credit to the community. Never let it be said that you are the victim of enforced ignorance. Ignorance exists only through lack of knowledge and experience. The march of civilization and the rise in man's culture has come about only by means of the acquisition of additional knowledge, through experience, in which to utilize the soil, the minerals of the earth, the rain, and other forces of nature.

### *The Mind Reasons*

Philosophers have ever been concerned with the subject of knowledge. Spinoza, a philosopher of the seventeenth century, very poignantly wrote: "The greatest good is the knowledge of the union which the mind has with the whole of nature. . . . The more the mind knows the better it understands its forces and the order of nature. The more it understands its forces or strength the better it will be able to direct itself and lay down the rules for itself. The more it understands the order of nature, the more easily it will be able to liberate itself from useless things. . . . ." Philosophically, then, we may say that knowledge is power and freedom, and that the only permanent happiness is the pursuit of knowledge and the joy of understanding.

It is not the purpose of this discourse to take up all the various phases of knowledge, such as the functions of the mind, intellect, et cetera. There

are, however, certain kinds of knowledge which come to us through hearsay. Through hearsay we know that the Civil War began in 1861. Empirical knowledge, in a derogatory sense, tells us that we can raise vegetables in a home garden simply by planting the seeds and frequently watering them. In this there is no scientific approach. We gain the general impression that because we have always watered the growing vegetables in the garden, there is no reason to think that they will not continue to grow for us so long as they are given water. Knowledge reached by reasoning or immediate deduction is exemplified by observing the great size of the moon and in comparing it with other objects at a distance. It will be noticed that with distance the object apparently decreases in size. What is said to be the highest kind of knowledge is reached by immediate deduction and direct perception, such as observing the mathematical problem: $10 \times ? = 100$. We see at once that 10 is the missing number in the proposition. We note also that we could not possibly have made this deduction without previous experience with such matters.

### *Opinions*

Knowledge is the opposite of opinion. In scholastic circles the systematic investigation and exposition of the principles of the possibility of knowledge are spoken of as the theory of knowledge, or epistemology. Opinions, which all possess in abundance, differ greatly from knowledge. We may say that an opinion is a conclusion formed from reasoning. The premise upon which it is based may be false or have no factual existence. An opinion moves us to adjust our thinking and our conduct to it. For the most part, we believe in opinions but are not able to prove them. Opinions are important, in that they may be challenged; and, in so doing, this causes us to endeavor to substantiate them through knowledge. It has been stated that opinions are something that an individual carries with him, while convictions are something that carry the individual. Conviction leads to knowledge because one is convinced by means of satisfying himself by evidence of an act or fact. A belief may be considered to be a substitution for knowledge. By belief, one presumes to know something which has not been substantiated by the actual proof of human experience. When no actual knowledge of a factual matter is obtainable, a belief may stand until it is possible to disprove it.

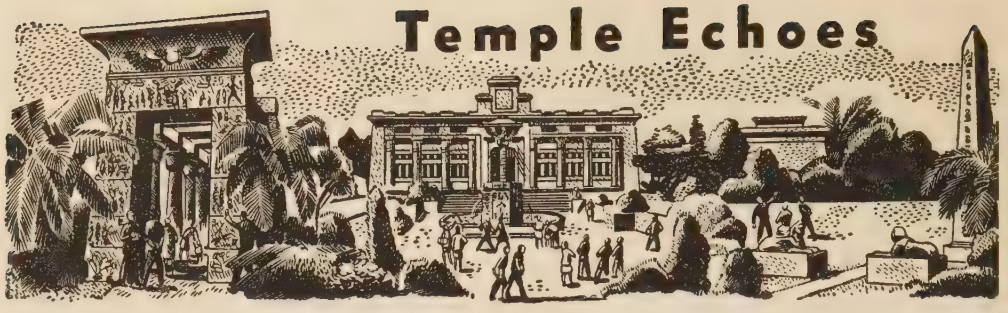
In mysticism it is held that one cannot acquire knowledge except through personal experience. Experience, therefore, is essential to the extent that there must be a personal realization. As a matter of fact, experience is the purpose of our existence as we understand it.

To reiterate, experience is necessary in the attainment of knowledge. Philosopher Kant of the eighteenth century interestingly enough states that experience gives us sensations. He writes that the mind of man is not waxlike in nature—a wax upon which experience and sensation write their absolute will; nor is it a mere abstract name for the series, or group, of mental states. Kant feels that the mind is an active organ which molds and coordinates sensations and new ideas, and that it is an organ which transforms the chaotic multiplicity of experiences into the orderly unity of thought, thereby adding to our knowledge.

### *Directed Living*

Over and above what they have received in public schools, not every man and woman wishes to have additional knowledge. Those who do, however, have realized that when knowledge is utilized and applied, it is power. When knowledge is used and thus becomes a part of one's existence—a mental and physical equipment to accomplish things in life—knowledge then becomes wisdom. There is a distinction between knowledge and wisdom. Knowledge is perception and comprehension; wisdom is the experience derived from applying knowledge. Wisdom is sound judgment and the power of true and just discernment as a result of experience. With wisdom one is prepared to meet the emergencies of life; and there is at one's disposal that which will give the greatest needed power to attain whatever goal one may have in life.

(Continued on Page 148)



# Temple Echoes

A LETTER just received at Rosicrucian Park from the Grand Master of Holland contains this sentence: "This royal gift is of such great significance to us, that it is completely overwhelming." The gift? It was from a Sunshine Circle in the United States and consisted of all material necessary for making officers' robes. In addition to yards of blue, gold, yellow, gray, and rose satin, the gift included blue and black veiling, thirty yards of gold braid, thirty-five yards of different colored cords for cordelieres, ten spools of colored thread, two packages of needles in assorted sizes—even snaps, and hooks, and eyes for fastening. Do you wonder now at our Dutch fratres and sorores calling it a royal gift?

* * * * *

Our first students have arrived for the 1948 session of R.C.U. A little early, you think? Yes, but when you are coming from Sweden you want to be sure to allow sufficient time. For the past few weeks, Frater Albin and Soror Alice Roimer have been acclimatizing themselves to the United States and Rosicrucian Park especially; and from all accounts are finding it fun. Both are camera enthusiasts and inveterate collectors, too. Frater Albin, collecting everything from stamps to match-box covers, and Soror Alice specializing in porcelain dogs. Already, it looks as though this year's session of the University will have its usual international flavor.

* * * * *

A few weeks ago, our Imperator was in Mexico on official business for the Order. Mexico City in the Spring, you say, how delightful! So it must have been, for the city is beautiful, ideally situated, and historically intriguing. Although the visit was a flying one, literally, a number of photographs of interest to *Digest* readers were taken and will begin to make their appearance in the magazine in the near future. While in this city, the Imperator addressed the members of Quetzalcoatl Lodge in their spacious and well-appointed Temple. Readers having complete files of the *Rosicrucian Digest* may wish to turn to the issue for November, 1941, which memorializes an earlier appearance of the Imperator in Mexico City and shows him participating with the officers of Quetzalcoatl Lodge in a Rosicrucian ceremony on one of the great stone terraces of the Sun Pyramid of Teotihuacan.

* * * * *

One of the events at Rosicrucian Park that is always certain to draw an enthusiastic response from members and their friends in the Bay Area is the monthly concert of the Rosicrucian Concert Orchestra. Some of the featured items on this year's programs have been a trumpet trio, a string trio, and an evening of pianoforte music interpreted by Frater J. A. Calcaño Calcaño.

The March program carried three numbers especially pleasing to the audience. They were Laurendeau's *March Anniversary*, Saint-Saens' *Bacchanale*, and Rubinstein's *Reve Angelique*.

* * * * *

Just in case you have been wondering as to the whereabouts of our lecturers: The Hershenows are moving across Central Canada. After successful stays in Vancouver and Winnipeg, they are now well into an enthusiastic cam-

paign in Toronto. Frater Hershenow's opening audience there numbered 1,300, by official count. It looks like a grand year for AMORC in Canada.

The Norrises have returned to Sydney, New South Wales. Our fratres and sorores *Down Under* just won't let them think of coming home. It is likely that after Sydney, they will go on to New Zealand—maybe Africa.

* * * * *

In the *Rosicrucian Forum* of October 1946, mention was made of "The Children's Hour"—an AMORC activity for preschool children. Its declared purpose was mainly exploratory, having as its object the determination of the mental and emotional inclinations of children, from two to five years of age, in their adventure of self-discovery. It was hoped that the awakening of the child's objective faculties might be stimulated and his task of integrating himself with the world about him made more orderly and smooth.

History reminds us that almost two centuries have passed since Pestalozzi and Frobel began their work in child training. Child psychology has now shown the matter to be far less simple and much more extensive than these early educators conceived it. Naturally, today the impact of the world on the child mind is more complicated as well as more insistent and so the need is greater for helping the child find himself in the confusing pattern of life.

Parents have the responsibility of introducing their children to the world and of helping them in their preliminary adjustments to it. This can be accomplished satisfactorily only when the parents understand the nature of their problem and accept their responsibility intelligently. All too often that responsibility is unrecognized or unacknowledged, and, upon entering school, the child begins his formal education unprepared and handicapped.

It was the hope for the Children's Hour here at Rosicrucian Park to determine right methods for accomplishing right results. Also there was the aim to provide information for the improvement and extension of the Child Culture course, which is available through the Order, and which encourages a "children's hour" or "playtime" in the home and under parental supervision. A daily "hour" in the home, which may actually consist of only ten or fifteen minutes, provides an opportunity to confide to mother or to father (fathers are important in this) the experiences of the day. The alert parent may recognize this as his or her moment for "unsuspected" guidance.

The child is born active, and activity has been the basis of all planning. Interest must be awakened and sustained. This can only be accomplished when the child is able at all times to relate his occupation to his normal needs. In other words, the child's cooperation must grow out of his being happily interested, and not because he is aware of any goal, however good or desirable it may be, beyond that of his immediate occupation.

Music has been experimented with. The selections have been such as would lead to an acquaintance of and perhaps an appreciation for the best; yet the reason for a choice has also been practical. Music has served to stimulate an activity; to create the pattern for it; to test capacities of hearing, temperament, feeling, and enjoyment, and to furnish the imagination with material for its use. For example, in the story of a little girl who wished to sing, which the children helped to create by their own contribution of ideas, the aspects of music were used to the fullest extent possible. The story was a continuously unfolding one, from week to week, and gathered into it familiar pets and animals, such as the pussy, the dog, the cow, the hen, the rooster, and the bumblebee. All these creatures individually sought to help the little girl achieve her ambition.

The opportunities such a story holds are rich and well-nigh limitless and have gone from acquaintance with different animals to a differentiation of their particular voices, and finally to a complete impersonation, when the children volunteered for the parts of the little girl, the cat, the dog, the cow, the bumblebee, and so forth. The music used included: Schubert's *Ave Maria;* Saint-Saen's *The Carnival of the Animals;* Schwanda's *The Bagpipe Player;* and Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Flight of the Bumblebee.*

The thing to do is to choose an idea with a story possibility and allow it to grow. It is surprising how much the children themselves will contribute at each meeting and so the story unfolds and makes progress.

Another idea which grew for many weeks was that of creating a park. For this happy activity a large sheet of Bristol board supplied the miniature park lot where cut-outs of different kinds of trees, flowers, birds, butterflies, and even goldfish and squirrels were placed.

The Children's Hour was planned and started three years ago by Soror Gladys Bennett, who is now in Osborn, Ohio. She was replaced by Soror Katherine Williams, until music therapy work with veteran soldiers left no time for her. Now Soror Gladys Lewis and Soror Alice Appell are in charge. This work has been volunteered, and other sorores who have contributed generously of their time include: Stella Moffatt, Adela Fehnson, Ruth Theobald, Frances Vejtasa, Carol Bradley, and Ruth Kreinkamp.

The group of children has been kept small, because of limited help and facilities; however, the average attendance holds to about fifteen. The work is not confined to children of Rosicrucian parents. No fees have been charged and no religious instruction attempted. Perhaps the most rewarding discovery so far has been the fact that everything that has been accomplished here with a group could be adapted to the needs of an individual child by any parent sufficiently willing to incorporate it as a part of the home training program. We hope to make reports from time to time. Also, perhaps our readers may have had some *outstanding* success in the work with preschool children.

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## VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE

(Continued from Page 145)

Knowledge is necessary in order that our lives and actions may be properly directed. Something is lacking in the person who feels that knowledge is nonessential and that one can go through life without it and still live a practical and abundant life. Surely, no thinking person wishes to just live from hour to hour, without an objective and without experience which contributes to his fountain of knowledge. With the proper kind of knowledge one is able to avoid diseases, accidents, and periodic depressions. It is also possible to overcome obstacles and correct those conditions which affect other human beings who have overlooked the practicability of such aims. Fortified with knowledge the average person is happier, healthier, more successful, more contented; he is of real value to himself as well as being a credit to his community. It is said that Abraham Lincoln, while yet a young man, stated: "I will study and get ready, and someday the time will come when my knowledge can be used for the benefit of others." Lincoln did acquire necessary experience and knowledge, and history clearly and definitely reveals how it was used for the benefit of humanity.

Through knowledge we become mature men and women. Our minds catch up with our bodies, and our culture with our possessions. The world is our field of experience and accomplishment. It is a field for promoting strong growth in thinking men and women. All may enjoy a free and rational individuality, unremitting, clear-sighted, and courageous—an individuality which is lived in friendly companionship with others and is suffused with intelligent sympathy for the beauty and grandeur of nature, with equal sympathy for the tragedies, pathos, heroism, joys, and sorrows of mankind. It is through knowledge that we reach the highest level of being and glimpse mankind as individuals moving on toward higher harmony and deeper satisfaction with new realization and experience. Practical knowledge, then, when properly used by intelligent men and women is the warp and woof of the pattern which is being woven on the loom of life.

# *Self-Expression through Creative Music*

By Louise Anderson, F.R.C.

Experiments in musical self-expression for certain cases of abnormality have been recently publicized, but no one seems to consider encouraging a normal person to create musically.

People are urged to cultivate hobbies, from woodworking to writing, as an outlet for the creative instinct that is latent in every human being. Such avocations are considered normal and within anyone's reach. One may find an auto dealer spending seven years constructing a small yacht, a housewife who crochets heirloom lace, a grocer making inlaid chests, a farmer who travels in his ingeniously-contrived trailer, built like a bus, a preacher whose skillful etchings are in constant demand, a teacher whose handmade furniture delights the most critical eye, a grandmother whose original poems and readings are requested for entertainments. Respect and admiration greet their labors. Yet, mention the local carpenter who has written forty songs, and note the expression of awe that crosses people's faces. Creative music is another world, and everyone seems to keep a respectful mental distance from one of the most inspirational means of self-expression—composing.

The creating of music seems presumptuous to most of us, as though we were trying to crash a celestial orchestra with homemade instruments. What frightens us is our imagined opinion of other people—that we are trying to be another Brahms or Beethoven when we compose. Our imagination has, admittedly, some basis: Anything that another person cannot do at all seems an accomplishment rarely endowed. To an adult lacking musical education, an amateur pianist may sound professional, but to even those with some musical background, the amateur composer's halting composition is greeted with an awed, "That's just wonderful. Why don't you publish?" Expressing oneself musically is somehow regarded as more than a normal outlet for creativeness.

It seems reasonable, however, to assume that thousands of people have dormant faculties of creating music when 120,000 fledgling writers in the United States, according to a University of California professor, have no reading public whatsoever. Why do these people continue to write? Surely not for the desire of money alone. Even though the advertisements in writers' magazines are carefully geared to identify payment with success, the inner satisfaction derived from writing obviously remains a prime motivator. It is also this intangible joy of self-expression that stimulates a creator of music.

### *The Incentive*

The only background necessary for self-expression in music is an ordinary use of the tools—notes. A person play-

ing third-grade piano music can express himself in compositions just that difficult. One student in third-grade music was playing his own concertlike type of piece—flashy chords and arpeggios, but with a definite undercurrent of his own personality expressed in the subtle chord transitions. However, here are two cases of students who had even less background. One boy, after taking lessons for three months, was writing a number of simple waltzes, and one girl, who had only violin lessons, wrote hymnlike piano music which she herself could not begin to play. A man with knowledge of only a few basic chords had such an intense desire to express himself musically that it was painful to listen to him improvise, yet a listener had the impelling conviction that expression would come if he kept trying. Background is not as important as the strange yearning to identify oneself with music.

The technique of creating music is intimately related to that of creative writing. It may seem oversimplification to say, "Be seated at the piano," or "Pick up a pen." That is the first step, however, and oddly difficult, but surely everyone can get that far without discouragement, at least. Sit quietly for a few moments carrying on with yourself a silent monologue like this: "I should like to express myself in praise of the Creator. I am sincere in this desire to manifest in some form the joy of just feeling good. People who are in pain may not feel this urge to be thankful. There must be some expression that can come through me that shows my thankfulness." Sit in this outward quietness and continue the inner talking until you feel welling within you what might be termed *unshed tears*. After "connecting" *within*, there remains but one thing to do—begin to play, or write, with the serene conviction of the worth of your expression.

### *Delight of the Tempter*

Let us deal once for all with that little self-conscious tempter in your brain. If you have not made a real connection within, there will be a derisive monologue silently calling attention to how foolish and inferior you are, and how affected of you to presume to think you can compose or write. The tempter delights in making you conscious of your lack of background. This tempter is not spoken of here as a joke; it is the most deadly enemy there is to creativeness. It is at this point that the first and greatest test is fought. Failure to meet this test means that you rise from the piano stool, giving a final despairing thump to the keys; or you fling down your pen, saying that you can't write. You must cling to that feeling of unshed tears, to your sincere desire to express. Do not try to obliterate the tempter. Persuade him; agree with him. It is true that your background is inferior, that you may be foolish sitting down trying to create. Now let a wave of strength triumphantly proclaim that there is a power which can overcome your clumsiness. With humbleness invoke the divine harmony. Softly strike one note, and another, and another. Let your fingers hit any three notes together, yet with the feeling that you are saying something quietly urgent. Place random chords unobtrusively. Do not analyze the key nor the notes of the chords. Do not let dissonance jar you to a stop. Keep a musical stream of consciousness flowing. Sustain the urgency of the wandering melody with a caressing but authoritative touch, and with the seriousness of a child.

It may take five minutes or several months of constantly trying, but there comes a moment when your hands wandering idly over the keys strike a blend of notes that awakens every cell in your body. From then on, no more encouragement is necessary. It is like the finding of a gold nugget and knowing that there is more where that came from.

### *Capturing Music*

Buy a small music notebook, like the ones youngsters use for their scales. Write down the musical ideas that occur to you, and be sure to date the entries. If words come naturally to the tune, put them down, or if you wish to recall the mood in which the melody came, note it in the margin. Make none of this a chore, however, for the early creative spark must be fanned delicately. If the musical journal chills you, just don't use it for the time being.

Do encourage yourself to improvise often—daily, if possible. Be prepared at any hour to receive a flash of melody, for inspiration seems to come in spurts when least expected. One woman keeps music paper at her pillow and in her purse, for she has learned with chagrin that ideas not captured may immediately be lost.

It is surprising how quickly a person senses the difference between an inspired phrase of music, and the tones which are played at random. The inner continuity of a true melody is unmistakable. After the first few weeks of improvisation, it will be impossible to pretend that your improvisation is good unless you are really saying something that wells from the inner desire to express.

The next step is to utilize your musical expression. Why not write little songs for an original operetta that children might perform? Put musical background to fairy tales. A high school teacher stimulates both her students and herself by writing musical skits which are practiced during class time as part of a dramatics unit, and then are presented before the public, to the expressed satisfaction of all concerned.

### *Avoiding Pitfalls*

One word of warning might be given about the pitfalls of the amateur composer: First, it is often hard for him to realize his own musical doggerel, despite his secret conviction of true inspiration. Musical clichés are an amusing counterpart of the poetic platitudes that appear so sincerely in the poet's corners of Sunday newspapers, and on editors' desks. The sincerity of the composer or the corner poet should not be doubted—sincerity, the foundation of appreciation. The second pitfall is to allow the lavish praise of friends to bloat one's sense of importance. The discriminating listener shudders as he plays the song printed at private expense by his friend's grandfather, and any civil word is wrenched from him out of courtesy. Faint praise is scant reward. Let people make their remarks voluntarily; don't corner them into expressions of unwilling decency. The imperviousness of an audience is really your own protection. Exaggerated praise from a group of people is not healthfully stimulating. If the time comes when many people are moved emotionally by your music, you are no longer an amateur.

The primary purpose, then, of amateur musical composition remains that of the inner joy of self-expression, even by so-called normal people.

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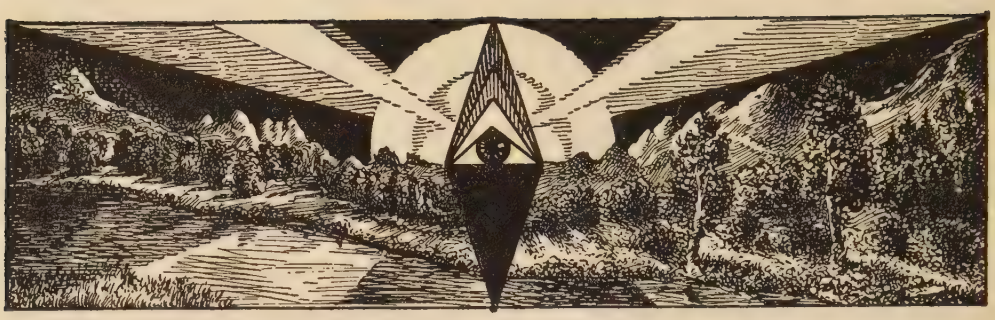
# *Where Peace Begins*

*By* VALIDIVAR

What so many people forget is, that peace manifests externally but begins *internally*—that is, in the thinking, idealism, and mental discipline of the individual. It makes little difference how many conferences are held, how many nations, governments, or millions of people are represented at such conferences, peace cannot follow unless the individuals have, first, a consciousness of peace. They must by their personal conduct and thinking show a willingness to make the sacrifices necessary to maintain peace.

If the level of the consciousness of the individuals is raised, so as to bring forth admirable characters who know how to relegate to their proper places the moral elements and weaknesses of human nature, peace will follow as a natural result. If there are people who cannot, or will not do this, then all of the conferences in the world, all of the propaganda or public speeches about peace will be ineffective. Peace, I repeat, must begin with the individual and work outward. That is the responsibility of organizations such as the Rosicrucians—to develop the individual.



# *Realizing a Common Humanity*

By George-Gordon Bond, F.R.C.

Is it not desirable to form an association, not limited to members of any fraternal order or religion, but *open to all men*, for the specific purpose of inculcating the principles of brotherhood into our daily lives?

The churches speak for brotherhood on Brotherhood Day—once a year. Occasional churches are fortunate in having worthy servants of God as ministers. Such ministers speak out more often than once a year. This is good, but not enough.

There is an organization formed and sponsored by the Federal Council of Churches which also works for brotherhood, but its activities seem almost entirely confined to Brotherhood Week.

I think we can go further than that. We can form an association consisting of Jews, Catholics, Protestants, Buddhists, and even agnostics; this association can be composed of Anglo-Saxon Americans, of Europeans, of Nordics, and Slavs, of Negroes, Indians, Hindus, the Chinese, Italians, and Russians. This association can be very loosely organized. But it should engage uniquely in just one activity: the promotion of this feeling of world amity, this recognition of our *common humanity*, this realization of our esoteric oneness.

May I outline just why I feel there is a place for such an organization in addition to the existing churches and fraternities? It is because so frequently in the past I have been approached by persons, whom I liked and respected personally, but who would open a conversation with an expression derogatory to some group of individuals. They would speak as a matter of course, assuming that their ideas were shared by myself. I have been humiliated by their assumption that I, too, felt that some other groups were inferior or unacceptable in some way. I was self-conscious in the realization that at one time I did hold views prejudicial to certain bodies; this I did not have an easy time to outgrow; in fact, without the teachings of A.M.O.R.C. I doubt that I ever would have outgrown them. Therefore, I have been doubly conscious of the difficulty of getting such persons to see with clearer vision. Since such persons seldom express their view directly to those belonging to the group under attack, I have often wished that for that moment I might appear to them as a Jew or Negro in order that the person addressing me would say nothing offensive of the Jews or Negroes. And, in following this thought through, it occurred to me that perhaps I could wear on my lapel some emblem which would inform all persons just what my attitude is. But to be successful, several things are necessary to such an emblem:

First, it must be so universally recognized that there is no hesitation in realizing its meaning.

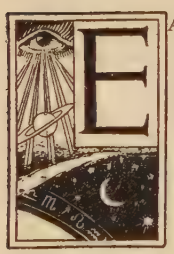
Second, it must be available to *all* persons (with the few qualifications to follow) to wear, regardless of other beliefs or connections.

(Continued on Page 155)

*The Rosicrucian Digest May 1948*

The "Cathedral of the Soul" is a Cosmic meeting place for all minds of the most highly developed and spiritually advanced members and workers of the Rosicrucian fraternity. It is the focal point of Cosmic radiations and thought waves from which radiate vibrations of health, peace, happiness, and inner awakening. Various periods of the day are set aside when many thousands of minds are attuned with the Cathedral of the Soul, and others attuning with the Cathedral at the time will receive the benefits of the vibrations. Those who are not members of the organization may share in the unusual benefits as well as those who are members. The book called "Liber 777" describes the periods for various contacts with the Cathedral. Copies will be sent to persons who are not members if they address their requests for this book to Friar S. P. C., care of AMORC Temple, San Jose, California, enclosing three cents in postage stamps. *(Please state whether member or not—this is important.)*

## YOUR SHARE IN LIFE



EACH individual has his share in the business of life. In the commercial world those who participate in its activities assume responsibility with the hope of gaining profit. In the responsibility assumed, there is always an element of risk. The element of risk usually involves the possibility of not only gaining the anticipated profit, but also of losing the investment in time, money, materials, and energy put into the enterprise. In the general theory, one may presume and accept as a premise, upon which to work, the fact that the person who consistently and consciously gives time and material to a worth-while project will profit, or at least that some return for these things put forth will be forthcoming. There is always, of course, the element of risk in that conditions beyond the control of the individual may cause failure or catastrophe; but ever since men have lived together in even the most elementary social nucleus they have continued to work upon this principle and no doubt will always do so. The individual completely honest with himself or herself will recognize the element of risk and the possibility of gain, and by use of his own judgment will try to balance the two.

With this elementary view of a business enterprise we can, in a sense, consider life itself a larger and greater enterprise. In life, we invest our energies, we put forth our efforts either in

a chosen field or in one which is more or less forced upon us by the demands of conditions about us; but, willingly or grudgingly, we attempt to gain something from all the effort and from the very element of life itself. We know there are risks—we know failure is possible—but we also know that life, as a whole, can be worth while. Yet even deeper than that, we know that whether or not life is worth while, successful, and profitable from our individual standards, it has to be lived. This is the element that does not enter into the business world; one does not have to enter a business enterprise, but one lives whether or not he chooses to do so.

The optimist will see all the possibilities of gain and worth-while accomplishment in the life given him. The pessimist may only look at the encumbrances which he fails to understand. To take a somewhat optimistic point of view with the realization that we might as well complete life that is ours, we probably gain a great deal more than we are conscious of, if we analyze every day of our lives. There are many things which are ours to enjoy and utilize whether we acknowledge them or not. Insofar as personal achievement and gain are concerned, the one who is pessimistic and who fails to see the values in life is usually the individual who fails to see that just as in the business world so in life as a whole, there is a balance. This balance must be maintained. If we are to gain, we must give. It is a restatement of the known law of compensation, that as we give we will receive.

In our own thinking and actions, as reflected by that thought, we are all, more or less, conscious of our desires to expect others to do the giving. Even though we may be liberal in our objective evidence of sharing with others, there are more subtle forms of giving, and this fact every individual is, at one time or another, guilty of overlooking. In our day-to-day contacts with fellow human beings, we set up certain standards with which we expect other people to conform. We demand that other people be good citizens, law-abiding, upright, and scrupulously honest. If they do not conform to such a standard, we, at least passively, condemn them. We condemn them in advance in the sense that we demand the social system, of which we are a part, to have laws and regulations and methods of enforcing these instruments, in order to make other individuals behave. As long as these laws are just and do not trespass too definitely upon our own will, we concern ourselves very little about them; but usually we are quick to condemn our neighbor who may not abide by them.

The responsibility of citizenship is the responsibility of everyone. If good is to be maintained over evil, then the expression of good must begin with us. If we expect all other people to be just and to be considerate of all rights, then we must first express those same things; and in the world today if we want peace rather than strife, peace must be a part of our own living philosophy. We must be tolerant and the first to be willing to compromise and to take into consideration the point of view of others. In order to give, sacrifice is required. If we share something, it means that we ourselves have relinquished the thing given, so that those among our fellow human beings who have less through misfortune or other problems of life may receive help. When benefit campaigns are conducted, we expect our neighbor and friend, or acquaintance, to be generous in support, but frequently we are not as generous as we expect our neighbor to be. We each set up our own conception of the social and moral standards of the society of which we are a part. We may discount our strict interpretation in some of our behavior, but at the same time we may be equally quick to condemn in those about us the slightest deviation from such standards. Again, if the ideals of the social and moral achievements of civilization are to be maintained, they are first the responsibility of every individual and second the responsibility of society.

We each have learned, to a degree, certain principles that we might describe as being higher than those of the physical world with which we deal daily. We may call these principles Cosmic Law or Divine Will. We believe in them in that we are convinced that they are a statement of principles higher than the objective decisions of

any human being. We believe further that absolute conformance with these higher laws or principles is conducive to the general good of ourselves and of humanity, but even here we each look to our neighbor, to the rest of humanity, to live in strict accord with these, and we may compromise or adjust our individual interpretation to what we believe to be our own advantage.

In general consideration of these and many other facts of individual behavior, our own shortcomings and occasional discontent may actually be traced to our own lack of responsibility. Surely any intelligent person will admit this fact, but few of us realize that the implications of it may go far deeper than we normally consciously know. No one is perfectly adjusted to life, either in mind or body. If this were so, probably that one would no longer be here; and so, consequently if we are to gain, to realize eventual understanding and adjustment to our difficulties, problems, and demands of living, we must also equally recognize our share in making the whole scheme, of which we are a part, function smoothly. In the final analysis, our share as individuals in life is as important as the share of the businessman in the carrying on of his activities or of the corporation of which he is only one segment.

## REALIZING A COMMON HUMANITY

(Continued from Page 152)

Third, it must be small but very conspicuous.

### *Selling an Ideal*

Some funds are necessary with which to obtain essential advertising and publicity to fulfill the first requirement, that of recognition for the emblem. Many persons are more or less timid about expressing their own views. Actually, in a free country, each of us should have as much liberty in expressing himself as others, but we all know this is not so. Certain views are distasteful to a majority in each separate locality of our country. In such sections, the minority hesitates to express itself. Once while making a talk, I expressed a controversial opinion and afterward one of my audience said to me, "You weren't born here, were you?"—expressing the common idea that one's ideas may be ignored, their logic overlooked, unless they bear a national or sectional stamp of approval. So the organization I propose would offer the advantage of allowing a person, timid in his own circle, to gain courage through association and identification with a large group.

Let us suppose for a moment that one is selling Christianity. The question immediately arises as to the brand—are you a Methodist, a Baptist or a Presbyterian? Or suppose you are selling cars; your prospect may like cars but not the kind that you happen to represent. We are selling our ideals every day, but, in associating them with certain affiliations, we meet persons who are not in sympathy with our connections. Therefore, they fail to perceive the value of our ideals. Other fraternal groups offer this vision of brotherhood in some degree or other, but not all wish to be Masons, Pythians, or Odd Fellows. I believe an organization entirely *separate* from other thoughts, convictions, or associations that an individual might have, would be more successful in selling this kind of common humanity, because the value of its recommendations and doctrines would not arouse traditional prejudices. Moreover, such an organization could acquire a membership so large that it could become very powerful. This would be a help to it in the encouragement of its humanitarian doctrines.

I am sure all of you would insist that there be no restrictions at all on membership based upon sex, age, religion, race, color, or nationality. It is to do away with some of these restrictions that we would organize. But we would have to have some restrictions.

### *The Oath*

All of us have heard some individual express a brazen insult to the Jewish people, and then say, "I'm not anti-

Semitic; I like good Jews; why, some of my best friends are Jews!" The same thing occurs with any other pet prejudice one may have. Now, our organization would be defeated at the start if we let such persons wear our emblem, and don't think they wouldn't want to do so. Many persons build up their prestige by joining everything available to them. Therefore, it should be required that all prospective members take an oath along the following general lines:

1. I believe that all men enjoy a common humanity and are, therefore, equally children of God and brothers among themselves.
2. I do not believe that there are any rights or privileges of birth, or any disadvantages of birth, whereby either superiority or inferiority is automatically conferred upon individuals or upon members of any nationality or race.
3. I myself will, to the best of my power, treat all men as I should like to be treated in their place, recognizing the necessity for this within my heart, even though the customs and generally accepted manners of my environment restrict me in outward expression of this attitude.
4. I will allow no person to express to me any statements casting reflections of any kind upon persons or groups because of their nationality, race, color, or religion, without protesting the justice and accuracy of such statements in some way and at the same time calling attention to the emblem which I wear and explaining its purpose.
5. I will do all that I can to encourage others to think independently and logically, and to view all others as honestly as I can, without distinctions of nationality, race, color, or religion.

Do you not agree with me that an organization such as I propose can be of immense help in paving the way for the eventual World State, and the lasting peace for which we all are longing?

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## THE STORY OF THE STARS

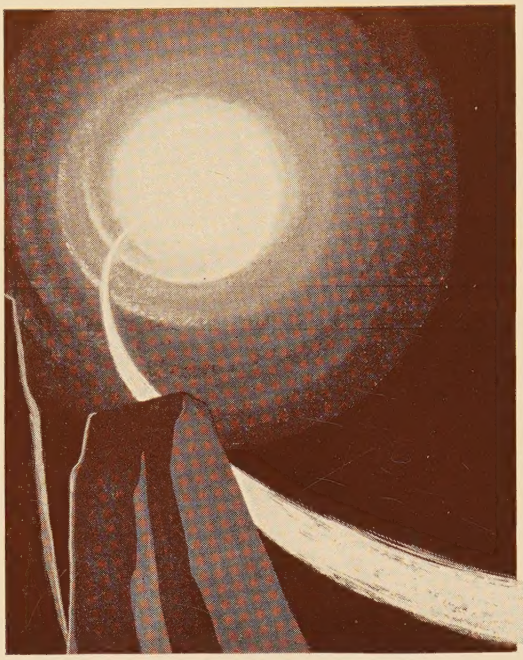
Here is an easy-to-understand booklet on astronomy. It is amazingly free from technical language. Every page is illustrated. The constellations, the signs of the zodiac, the planets, and many other features are described and made easy to locate. Actually, this is an information guide which you can use to find specific stars at night, without a telescope. It also gives briefly the fascinating mythology behind various groups of stars.

Compiled by Frater Rodman R. Clayson, F.R.C., a member of several astronomical societies, and who, for several years, was director of the *Rosicrucian Planetarium.* Send for this book today. Ask for *Our Cosmic Neighbors . . . Story of the Stars.* The price is only 50c, postpaid.

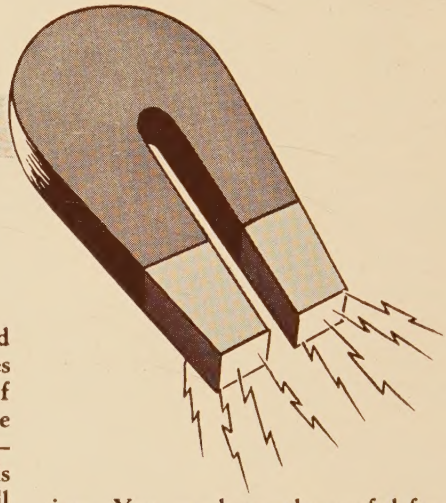
ROSICRUCIAN SUPPLY BUREAU
Rosicrucian Park San Jose, California, U.S.A.

## PORTAL TO YESTERDAY

Through this entrance and into the mysterious confines beyond, there once passed alike numerous humble neophytes and mystics. In the heart of Paris, this aged and battered gateway leads to the courtyard of the former temple, laboratories, and personal quarters of Alessandro Cagliostro, celebrated Rosicrucian and mystic of the eighteenth century. During the period of Cagliostro's political and religious persecution this edifice was often the scene of tumultuous activities. A subterranean passageway led from the courtyard to another section of the city, affording Cagliostro secret entrance and egress.



# *The* PASSION of MATTER!



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In the study of this energy—*magnetic force*—we learn the secret of polarity. We come to understand the orderly procession within the universe. Moreover, we find that the same laws account for our mutual attraction and the subtle influence which things have upon us. Just as the course of ships depends upon terrestrial magnetism, so, too, does the path of our lives depend upon *mystical magnetism.*

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# THE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER

The Rosicrucian Order, existing in all civilized lands, is a nonsectarian fraternal body of men and women devoted to the investigation, study and practical application of natural and spiritual laws. The purpose of the organization is to enable all to live in harmony with the creative, constructive Cosmic forces for the attainment of health, happiness and peace. The Order is internationally known as "AMORC" (an abbreviation), and the AMORC in America and all other lands constitutes the only form of Rosicrucian activities united in one body for a representation in the international federation. The AMORC does not sell its teachings. It gives them freely to affiliated members together with many other benefits. For complete information about the benefits and advantages of Rosicrucian association write a letter to the address below, and ask for the free book **The Mastery of Life.** Address Scribe S. P. C., in care of

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**Supreme Executive for the Jurisdiction of North, Central, and South America, Australasia, and Africa**
**Ralph M. Lewis, F.R.C.—Imperator**

# *DIRECTORY*

## PRINCIPAL AMERICAN BRANCHES OF THE A.M.O.R.C.

The following are the principal chartered Rosicrucian Lodges and Chapters in the United States, its territories and possessions. The names and addresses of other American Branches will be given upon written request.

### ARIZONA

**Tucson:**
Tucson Chapter, 135 S. 6th Ave. F. Orozco, Master; Mrs. Joie Wood, Sec., 428 5th St. Sessions 1st and 3rd Fri., 8 p.m.

### CALIFORNIA

**Long Beach:**
Abdiel Chapter, Masonic Temple, 835 Locust Ave. Leland M. Skinner, Master; George M. Keith, Sec. Sessions every Fri., 8 p.m.

**Los Angeles:***
Hermes Lodge, 148 N. Gramercy Place, Tel. Gladstone 1230. A. R. Thackaberry, Master; Rose Robinson, Sec. Library open 2 p.m. to 10 p.m. daily. Sessions every Sun., 3 p.m.

**Oakland:***
Oakland Lodge, 610 16th St., Tel. HIgate 5996. R. L. Spurrier, Master; Helen D. Pappageorge, Sec. Sessions 1st and 3rd Sun., 2 p.m. Library Room 406, open Mon. through Fri., 7:30 to 9:00 p.m.; Mon., Wed., and Fri. afternoon, 1 to 3.30.

**Sacramento:**
Clement B. Le Brun Chapter, Unity Hall, Odd Fellows Temple, 9th and K Sts. William Popper, Master; Margaret S. Irwin, Sec. Sessions 2nd and 4th Wed., 8:00 p.m.

**San Diego:**
San Diego Chapter, Sunset Hall, 3911 Kansas St. Frances R. Six, Master, 2909 Lincoln Ave., Tel. W-0378; Mrs. Nell D. Johnson, Sec. Sessions 1st Wed. and 2nd and 4th Thurs., 8 p.m.

**San Francisco:***
Francis Bacon Lodge, 1957 Chestnut St., Tel. TU-6340. Theodore Peters, Master, Tel. WE-1-4778; Mrs. Jessie Robbins, Sec., Tel. PR-8526. Sessions for all members every Mon., 8 p.m., for review classes phone Secretary.

### COLORADO

**Denver:**
Denver Chapter, 509 17th St., Room 302. J. Clifford Carr, Master; Miss Leslie Neely, Sec., 1375 Lincoln, Apt. 2. Sessions every Fri., 8 p.m.

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

**Washington:**
Thomas Jefferson Chapter, 1322 Vermont Ave. William R. Broderick, Master; Mrs. Minnie Pearl Stough, Sec., 2716 So. Uhle St., Arlington, Va. Sessions every Fri., 8 p.m.

### FLORIDA

**Miami:**
Miami Chapter, Biscayne Temple, 120 N.W. 15th Ave. O. Nicholas Baumgart, Master; Florence M. Francois, Sec., 2787 S.W. 33rd Ave. Sessions every Sun., 8 p.m.

### ILLINOIS

**Chicago:***
Nefertiti Lodge, 2539 N. Kedzie Ave., Tel. Dickens 1717. Mrs. Hugh W. Ewing, Master; Eileen Shirey, Sec. Library open daily, 1 to 5 p.m. and 7:30 to 10 p.m.; Sun., 2 to 5:30 p.m. only. Sessions for all members every Tues., 8 p.m.

### INDIANA

**South Bend:**
South Bend Chapter, 207½ S. Main St. Wilbur L. Kline, Master; Irene Newsome, Sec., 1029 Hudson Ave. Sessions every Sun., 7 p.m.

**Indianapolis:**
Indianapolis Chapter, 2615½ E. 10th St. Frank Haupt, Master; Oscar R. Small, Sec., 849 E. Morris St. Sessions every Fri., 8:15 p.m.

### MARYLAND

**Baltimore:***
John O'Donnell Lodge, 100 W. Saratoga St. Walter J. Burford, Master, Tel. Arbutus 114; Eugene W. Spencer, Sec., 7 E. Eager St. Sessions 1st and 3rd Wed., 8:15 p.m.

### MASSACHUSETTS

**Boston:***
Johannes Kelpius Lodge, 284 Marlboro St. Eveline B. Lyle, Master; Charles I. Campbell, Secretary. Sessions every Sun. and Wed., 7:30 p.m.

### MICHIGAN

**Detroit:***
Thebes Lodge, 616 W. Hancock Ave. Harry L. Gubbins, Master, 6212 Westwood Ave.; Inez M. Dyster, Sec., Tel. Redford 4180. Sessions every Tues., 8:15 p.m.

### MINNESOTA

**Minneapolis:**
Essene Chapter, Traficante Accordion School Aud., 41 So. 8th St. James French, Master; Mrs. Jessie Matson, Sec., 1810 44th Ave., N. Sessions 2nd and 4th Sun., 3 p.m.

### MISSOURI

**St. Louis:***
Thutmose Lodge, George Washington Hotel, 600 N. Kingshighway Blvd. H. J. Turner, Jr., Master; Earl Tidrow, Jr., Sec., 7918 Kingsbury Blvd., Clayton, Mo. Sessions every Tues., 8 p.m.

### NEW JERSEY

**Newark:**
H. Spencer Lewis Chapter, 29 James St. Mrs. Elizabeth Cornell, Master; Louise M. Spatz, Sec., 128 Chestnut St., Rutherford, N. J. Sessions every Mon., 8:30 p.m.

### NEW YORK

**Buffalo:**
Rama Chapter, 225 Delaware Ave., Room 9. Alfred E. Englefried, Master; Carolyn A. Wood, Sec., 23 Terrace, Buffalo, N. Y. Sessions every Wed., 7:30 p.m.

**New York City:***
New York City Lodge, 250 W. 57th St. Ira H. Patterson, Master; Florence E. Grabow, Sec. Sessions Wed., 8:15 p.m. and Sun., 3:00 p.m. Library open week days and Sunday, 1 to 8 p.m.

Booker T. Washington Chapter, 69 W. 125th St., Room 63. Leonard J. Trommel, Master; David Waldron, Sec., 1449 5th Ave. Sessions every Sun., 8 p.m.

(Directory Continued on Next Page)

**OHIO**

**Cincinnati:**
Cincinnati Chapter, 204 Hazen Bldg., 9th and Main St. Ralph Dunn, Master, 361 Thrall Ave.; Bertha Hill, Sec. Sessions every Fri., 7:30 p.m.

**Dayton:**
Elbert Hubbard Chapter, 56 East 4th St. Miss Sarah B. Kelly, Master; Mrs. Katherine McPeck, Sec. Sessions every Wed., 8 p.m.

**Toledo:**
Michael Faraday Chapter, Roi Davis Bldg., 3rd Fl., 905 Jefferson Ave. Mrs. Eleanor Brinkman, Master; Phyllis L. Feeney, Sec., 1812 Macomber St. Sessions every Thurs., 8:30 p.m.

**OREGON**

**Portland:***
Portland Rose Lodge, 2712 S. E. Salmon. Ollie F. Fuller, Master; Floyd K. Riley, Sec., 1711 S. W. 19th Ave. Sessions every Wed., 8 p.m.

**PENNSYLVANIA**

**Philadelphia:***
Benjamin Franklin Lodge, 1303 Girard Ave. G. L. J. Jalbert, Master; Edna M. Jalbert, Sec., 2108 S. Broad St. Sessions every Sun., 7:30 p.m. Temple and Library open Tues., Fri., 2-4 p.m.

**Pittsburgh:***
The First Pennsylvania Lodge, 615 W. Diamond St., North Side. John M. O'Guin, Master; Amelia M. Komarc, Sec. Meetings Wed. and Sun., 8 p.m.

**TEXAS**

**Dallas:**
Lone Star Chapter, Mercantile Bank Auditorium. Mrs. Otis Marihugh, Master, Tel. M-5723; Aileen Mercer, Sec., Tel. L-4244. Sessions 1st Tues. and 3rd Wed., 8:00 p.m.

**El Paso:**
El Amarna Chapter, 519 North Santa Fe. Lawrence Franco, Master, 4101 Alameda Ave.; Mrs. Obaldo Garcia, Sec. Sessions 1st and 3rd Sun., 2:00 p.m.

**Fort Worth:**
Fort Worth Chapter, 512 W. 4th St. Ida B. Holibaugh, Master, 3700 Gordon Ave.; Marjorie P. Doty, Sec. Sessions every Fri., 8 p.m.

**Houston:**
Houston Chapter, Y. W. C. A. Center, 506 San Jacinto St. Martin M. Burke, Master; Mrs. Winnie H. Davis, Sec., 819 Yorkshire St. Sessions every Fri., 7:30 p.m.

**UTAH**

**Salt Lake City:**
Salt Lake City Chapter, I.O.O.F. Bldg., 41 Post Office Place. Stanley F. Leonard, Master; Douglas Burgess, Sec., 866 S. 8th, W. Sessions every Thurs., 8:15 p.m. Library open daily except Sun., 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.

**WASHINGTON**

**Seattle:***
Michael Maier Lodge, Wintonia Hotel, 1431 Minor. Marjorie B. Umbenhour, Master, Tel. MI-1467; E. M. Shanafelt, Sec. Sessions every Mon., 8 p.m. Library open Mon. through Sat., 1-4 p.m.

**WISCONSIN**

**Milwaukee:**
Karnak Chapter, 3431 W. Lisbon Ave., Room 8. Fred C. Bond, Master; Marilyn Buben, Sec. Sessions every Mon., 8:15 p.m.

## Principal Canadian Branches and Foreign Jurisdictions

The addresses of other foreign Grand Lodges, or the names and addresses of their representatives, will be given upon request.

**ARGENTINA**

**Buenos Aires:**
Buenos Aires Chapter, Casilla Correo No. 3763. Sr. Manuel Monteagudo, Master; Sr. C. Blanchet, Sec., Calle Camarones 4567. Sessions every Sat., 6 p.m. and every Wed., 9 p.m.

**AUSTRALIA**

**Sydney, N. S. W.:**
Sydney Chapter, I. O. O. F. Bldg., 100 Clarence St., 12a Challis House, Martin's Place. Jacobus Van Boss, Master; Mrs. Florence Goodman, Sec. Open Tues. to Fri., 1 to 3 p.m.

**Melbourne, Victoria:**
Melbourne Chapter, 25 Russell St. S. T. Kerr, Master; Olive Orpah Cox, Sec., 179 Rathmines Rd., Hawthorn, EE3, Vic., Aust.

**CANADA**

**Montreal, P. Q.:**
Mount Royal Chapter, The Lodge Room, Victoria Hall, Westmount. Frank A. Ellis, Master; Alf Sutton, Sec., 5408 Clarke St. Sessions 1st and 3rd Thurs., 8:30 p.m.

**Toronto, Ontario:**
Toronto Chapter, 93 Davenport Rd. Marven Bowman, Master; Jean W. Campbell, Sec., 94 Highbourne Road. Sessions 1st and 3rd Thurs., 8:15 p.m.

**Vancouver, British Columbia:***
Vancouver Lodge, 878 Hornby St. A. Munroe MacLean, Master; Miss Margaret Chamberlain, Sec., 817 Nelson St., Tel. PA-9078. Sessions every Mon. through Fri. Lodge open, 7:30 p.m.

**Victoria, British Columbia:***
Victoria Lodge, 725 Courtney St. Thomas Fulthorp, Master; R. Gibson, Sec., 141 Montreal St.

**Windsor, Ontario:**
Windsor Chapter, 808 Marion Ave. Matt Mathison, Master; Mrs. Stella Kucy, Sec., Tel. 4-4532. Sessions every Wed., 8:15 p.m.

**Winnipeg, Manitoba:**
Charles Dana Dean Chapter, I.O.O.F. Temple, 293 Kennedy St. John G. Meara, Master; William M. Glanvill, Sec., 180 Arnold Ave. Sessions 1st and 3rd Thurs., 7:45 p.m.

**DENMARK AND NORWAY**

**Copenhagen:***
The AMORC Grand Lodge of Denmark and Norway. Arthur Sundstrup, Grand Master; Carli Andersen, S.R.C., Gr. Sec., Manogade 13, Strand.

**ENGLAND**
The AMORC Grand Lodge of Great Britain. Raymund Andrea, F.R.C., Gr. Master, 34 Bayswater Ave., Westbury Park, Bristol 6.

**London:**
London Chapter, Richard J. Lake, Sec., 38 Cranbrook Rise, Ilford, Essex.

**FRANCE**
Mlle. Jeanne Guesdon, Sec., 56 Rue Gambetta, Villeneuve Sainte Georges (Seine & Oise).

**HOLLAND**

**Amsterdam:**
De Rozekruisers Orde, Groot-Loge der Nederlanden. J. Coops, F.R.C., Gr. Master, Hunzestraat 141; H. F. Pot, Gr. Sec., Molenbeekstraat 23.

**ITALY**

**Rome:**
Italian Grand Lodge of AMORC, Dunstano Cancellieri, Gr. Master, via Lago di Lesina 27.

**MEXICO**
Quetzalcoatl Lodge, Calle de Colombia 24, Mexico. Sr. Rafael Alonso Esparza, Master; Sr. Bernardo Lira M., Sec., Londres 8, Bis, Mexico, D.F.

**NETHERLANDS EAST INDIES**
Mrs. M. C. Zeydel, Gr. Master-General, Djangli 47, Semarang, Java, Netherlands East Indies.

**NEW ZEALAND**

**Auckland:**
Auckland Chapter, Victoria Arcade, Room 317. Mrs. E. M. Wood, Master, Gifford's Bldg., Vulcan Lane; C. A. Troup, Sec. Sessions every Mon., 8:00 p.m.

**POLAND**
Polish Grand Lodge of AMORC, Warsaw, Poland.

**SOUTH AFRICA**

**Pretoria, Transvaal:**
Pretoria Chapter, P. J. Lourens, Master; F. E. F. Prins, Sec., 61 Villa St., Sunnyside, Pretoria.

**SWEDEN**
Grand Lodge "Rosenkorset." Inez Akesson, Sec., Vastergatan 55, Malmo.

**SWITZERLAND**
AMORC Grand Lodge, 21 Ave. Dapples, Lausanne. Dr. Ed. Bertholet, F.R.C., Gr. Master, 11 Ave. General Guisan, Lausanne; Pierre Genillard, Gr. Sec., 2 Chemin des Allinges, Lausanne.

*(Initiations are performed.)

## Latin-American Division

**Armando Font De La Jara, F.R.C., Deputy Grand Master**

Direct inquiries regarding this division to the Latin-American Division, Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California, U.S.A.

**JUNIOR ORDER OF TORCH BEARERS**

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